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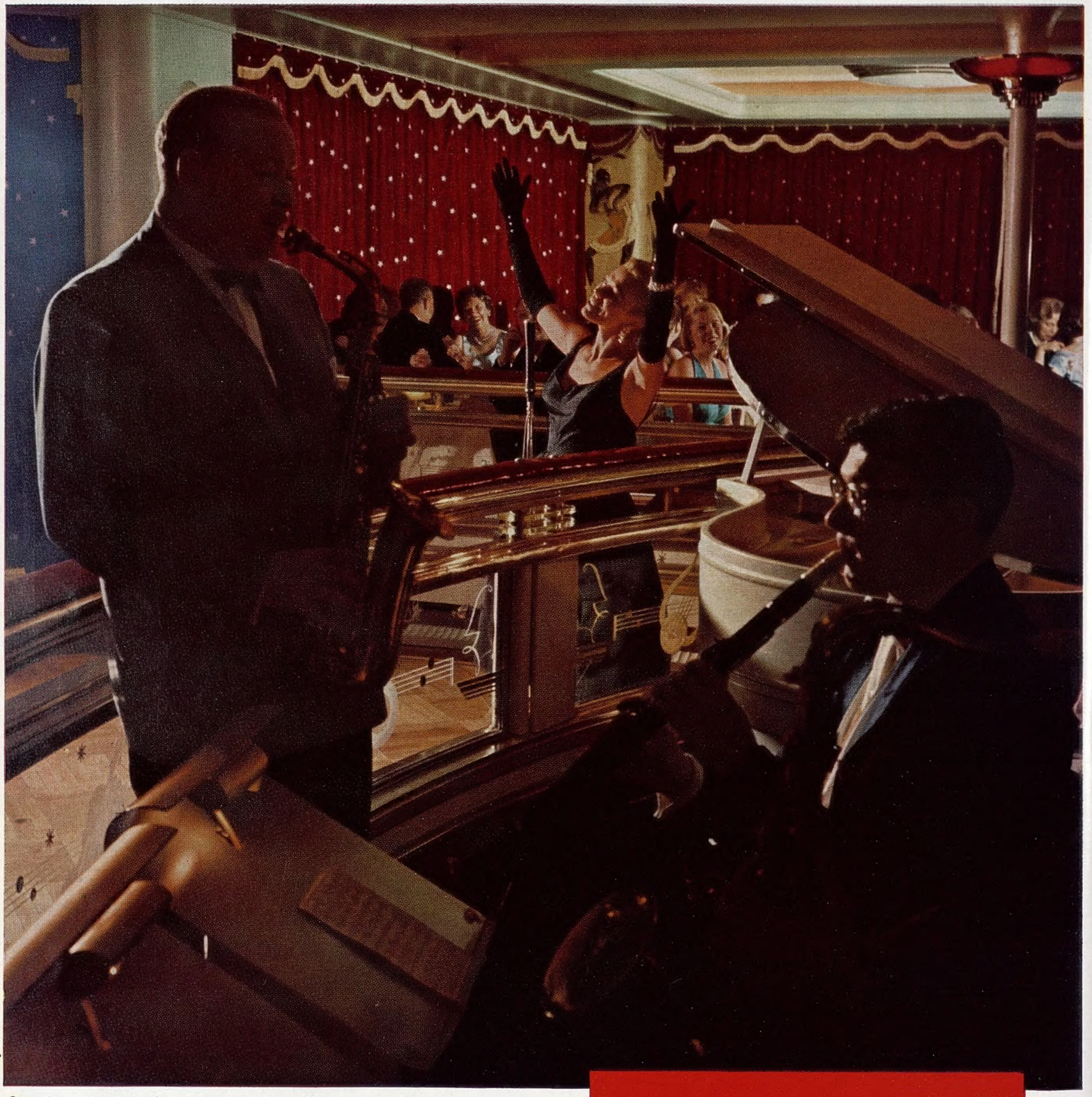

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Volume CCLII No. 3275

LONDON, March 9, 1963

THE SPHERE

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THE QUEEN IN TASMANIA

Watched by a large crowd of Tasmanians, the Queen, accompanied by Mr. G. F. Sorell, President of the Royal Hobart Regatta Association, walks to her vantage point on the bank of the Derwent River to review the 125th Royal Hobart Regatta. Hobart's first Regatta, held in 1838, was the occasion for the first public holiday in Van Diemen's Land. After spending two days in Tasmania, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh sailed in the Royal Yacht *Britannia* to Sydney. The Royal Couple then visited Brisbane, returning to Canberra for the 50th anniversary of the foundation of Canberra as the national capital of Australia on March 12. (See also pages 338-339)

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The Royal Tour of Australia

MELBOURNE WELCOME

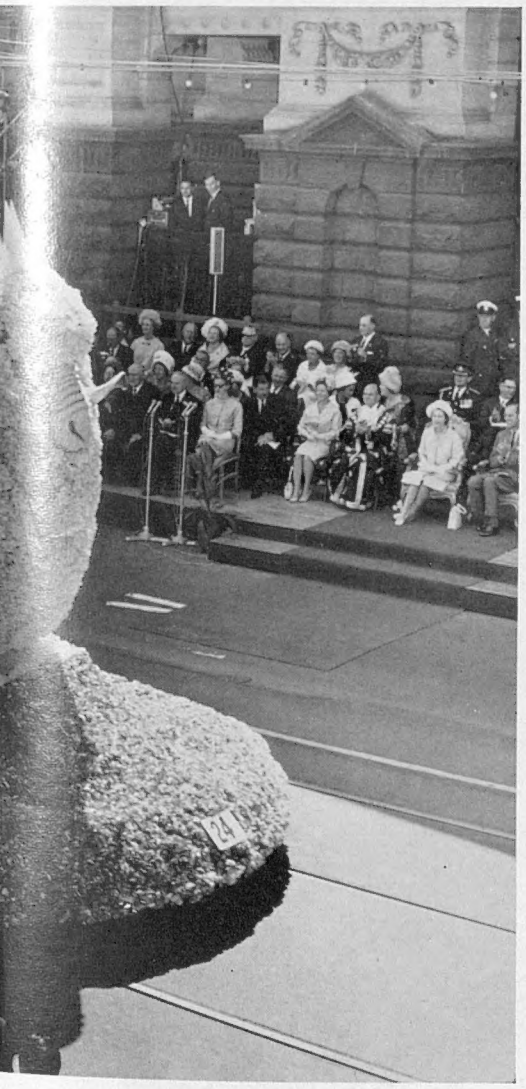
The Queen leaves a reception in Melbourne Town Hall. A large crowd, including pyjama-clad children, awaited her

Her Majesty, with the Chairman of the Victoria Racing Club, Mr. Grey-Smith, at Flemington Racecourse, Melbourne

After a special service at the Scots Church, Melbourne, the Queen is escorted from the church by the visiting Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the Right Rev. N. Davidson. With the Duke of Edinburgh is the Minister of Scots, Mr. A. Crichton Barr

The Merino ram float, part of the Civic welcome to Melbo

Inside Melbourne Town Hall, Her Majesty talks to the Premier of Victoria, Mr. Bolte, while Prince Philip is an attentive listener. Behind is Mr. Menzies



Queen and Prince Philip are seated extreme right

On their arrival at Flemington Racecourse, the Royal couple are welcomed by Mr. Grey-Smith

NEWS SUMMARY

Russian protest over Congo; more U.S. - Soviet talks on Berlin?; "guiding light" under pressure in Britain; miners' show of strength in France; the struggle for the succession in Bonn

INTERNATIONAL

A call for the withdrawal of the U.N. troops from Congo "without delay" was contained in a letter handed to U Thant by the Russian representative to the U.N. last Saturday in **New York.** The letter listed various criticisms of U.N. policy in Congo. In U.N. circles it was thought the purpose of the communication was to draw attention to the criticisms rather than demand immediate withdrawal. At the same time there were reports from **Elisabethville** of the return of violence and disorder to Katanga.

Moves towards further U.S.-Russian exploratory talks regarding a solution for Berlin were reported from **Washington** last week. They would presumably be at Foreign Minister-Ambassador level in Washington or Moscow. They were begun at this level in both capitals last year until the Cuba crisis caused them to be suspended.

A settlement of the border dispute between Pakistan and China was announced last Sunday. In Karachi it was claimed Pakistan had gained some territory and parted with none at present under its control.

GREAT BRITAIN

A three-year wages agreement was signed last weekend between the National Federated Electrical Association and the Electrical Trades Union giving 70,000 workers a 40-hour week in September, 1964, and wage increases of 5, 4 and 3·3 per cent. in successive years. The agreement presages pressure from the building and civil engineering industries also to obtain a 40-hour week. In addition, the wage increases are well above the Government's "guiding light" of 2½ per cent. The agreement raises the whole question of an incomes policy, thought by economists to become a central issue of the campaigning for the next General Election.

At the beginning of the week, the Commons held a two-day debate on the Government's White Paper on Defence. Mr. George Brown, Deputy Leader of the Labour Party, and Mr. Denis Healey, making his first major appearance as "shadow" Defence Secretary, led for the Opposition.

Mr. Erlander, the Swedish Prime Minister, and Mr. Nilsson, his Minister for Foreign Affairs, arrived in **London** last Monday for talks with Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Heath, the Lord Privy Seal, on Anglo-Swedish trade and further trade expansion among the EFTA countries.

The Royal Society's report of the continued flow of British scientists to jobs in the U.S. prompted Lord Hailsham, Minister for Science, to say in a speech in the House of Lords that the Americans were indulging in a "systematic and deliberate" recruitment drive.

A statement of Liberal economic policy, issued by Mr. Holt, Liberal Parliamentary spokesman on economic affairs, and Mr. Christopher Layton, chairman of the party's economic committee, made the following points: that the Government not NEDC must take responsibility for setting a high target of economic expansion: unilateral tariff cuts should be made: tax reforms should be undertaken: and bold international solutions found to the problem of the pound.

UNITED STATES

As the results of American exploration of space are announced, Earth seems an increasingly friendly place. A 36-in. telescope carried by balloon to a height of 77,000 ft. above **Texas** last weekend revealed from preliminary findings that Mars was a vast desert, with only minute quantities of water vapour. It would only be able to support some extraordinary form of life. Further announcements of the analysis of data sent back by the U.S. space probe, Mariner II, on its way past Venus last December, show that the planet has surface temperatures of about 800 deg. Fah. (over double previous estimates), and that Venus has a cloud cover so dense that sunlight barely reaches its inhospitable surface. Gone, it seems, are any hopes of Martians or Venusians.

Negotiations between printers and publishers of **New York's** newspapers continued in hopes of ending the three-month-long strike. One of the newspapers, the *New York Post*, "defected" from the ranks of the publishers and resumed publication this week.

At a reception in the Royal Palace in Brussels King Baudouin of the Belgians stands with, from left, Mr. Bamba, Finance Minister of the Congolese Central Government; Mr. Bomboko, Foreign Minister; Mr. Adoula, Congolese Prime Minister, and M. Spaak, Belgian Foreign Minister. The Congolese Ministers were in Brussels for discussions

FRANCE

In **Paris,** last Sunday, General de Gaulle issued a requisition order on 250,000 French coalminers in an attempt to break the indefinite strike launched by the miners. This was the first "call-up" ever imposed on the miners, who were demanding an 11 per cent. pay rise to meet the rising cost of living. The order makes them liable to fines or imprisonment if they fail to do their full stint. At the beginning of this week it appeared that the miners were not prepared to give way and other unions had expressed support. Units of riot police were sent to Lorraine and northern regions in case of trouble.

GERMANY

As a result of leaks to the Press, the differences between Dr. Adenauer and Professor Erhard, his Vice-Chancellor and Economics Minister, became public property in **Bonn** and elsewhere last week. The ostensible cause of the rift is West German policy towards Britain after the breakdown of the Common Market negotiations. But underlying it is a more urgent domestic question; who is to succeed Dr. Adenauer as Chancellor next autumn? He has announced his intention of resigning at that time. Dr. Adenauer is believed to be determined to keep Dr. Erhard out of the highest office. The Christian Democrat Union party leaders were meeting this week with a view to solving the question of the succession. They recognise a split in the CDU could seriously weaken its position in the country. At present it continues to govern only by a coalition with the Free Democrats.

In the current Spring Fair in **Leipzig,** East Germany, fewer British firms are exhibiting than last year. One of the reasons for this is thought to be irritation at East German bureaucratic regulations. However, the decrease may be offset by the presence for the first time of a number of important British firms.

The sombre atmosphere of the **Berlin** wall was enlivened last Sunday when the London Welsh Male Voice Choir on its way to sing in East Berlin was held up for half an hour at the crossing point. East German guards could not believe there could be 12 people in one bus with passports bearing the same name—Evans. The chairman of the 60-strong choir said later it was a good thing they decided to split in two groups—otherwise the guards would have also found 18 Joneses.

SOVIET UNION

Single list elections for the Supreme Soviet and regional and local assemblies in the Soviet Union took place throughout the country on Sunday. Mr. Khrushchev voted in **Moscow** in a constituency where the candidate was Miss Julia Borisova, a leading actress. He himself was elected for another Moscow constituency. (Under the Constitution the Supreme Soviet is "the highest organ of state power in the U.S.S.R." It elects the Presidium which has the real legislative power.)

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AMERICAN EYES ON SOUTH-EAST ASIA—DELIBERATIONS ON POLICY IN WASHINGTON

King Savang Vatthana of Laos and President Kennedy stand together outside the White House in Washington. On right beyond them is Mr. Dean Rusk. While the King was in the American capital discussing the future of Laos, there were growing reports from there of the failure of the neutralist Government of Prince Souvanna Phouma and that Communists were regaining their control over large areas of the country. United States policy and aid to South East Asia has been the subject of a report to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. U.S. heaviest expenditure on aid is to South Vietnam where there is no sign of an end to the fighting with Communist North Vietnam. Tension in South-East Asia was further increased last week by the news that the Defence Minister of the Soviet Union, Marshal Malinovsky, is to visit Indonesia to inspect Soviet defence installations

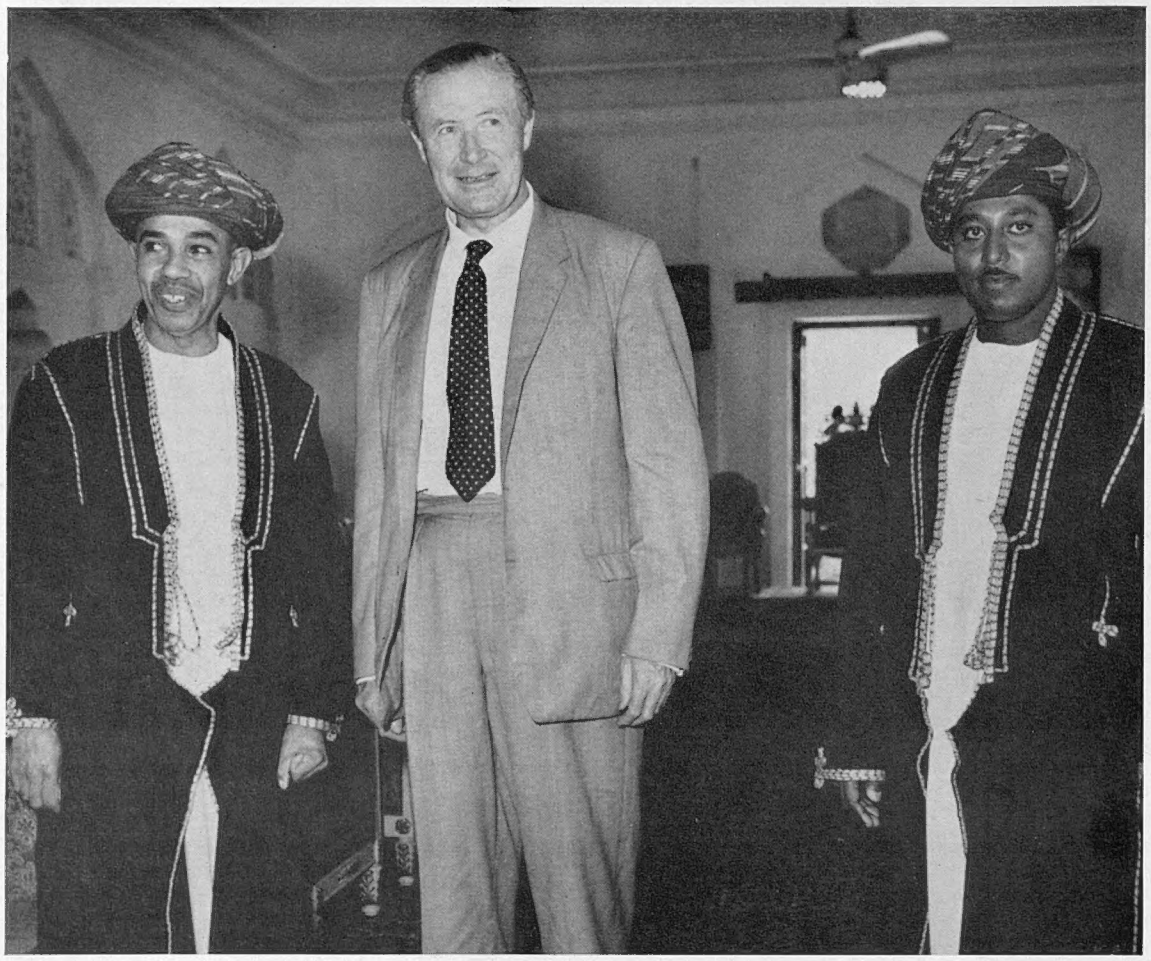
THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC GETS A FREELY ELECTED PRESIDENT

In Santo Domingo, the capital of the Dominican Republic, Senor Juan Bosch (left), the Republic's new President, is sworn in by the President of Congress, Senor Casanovas. Last week's ceremony marked the first time in 38 years that the Dominican Republic had installed a freely elected President. Better known in Latin America as a novelist and writer than a politician, Senor Bosch returned to the Republic after 25 years abroad, following the assassination in 1961 of Generalissimo Trujillo

PRESIDENT NASSER AND HIS COLLEAGUES AT PRAYER AT THE END OF A MUSLIM FAST

At the start of the Bairam prayers in the Hussein Mosque in Cairo, President Nasser (third from left) prostrates himself with other UAR ministers. Bairam ends the period of the Ramadan fasting. There was much speculation early this week about how far the UAR has been behind the anti-British policies of the new republican regime in Yemen. On Monday Dr. Ralph Bunche, U.N. special representative sent by U Thant to report on the Yemen, was reported to be investigating in the eastern regions. His visit followed the protest by Yemen to the U.N. against what was claimed to be " flagrant aggression " by Britain. This protest was presumably intended as an answer to the ejection by British troops of Yemeni forces said to be trespassing in the British-protected South Arabian Federation. In Aden it was thought that Marshal Abdullah al-Sallal, the Yemen Republic's President, was encouraging action against Aden, and Britain, to distract his supporters from his serious domestic situation

MR. SANDYS TOURS ZANZIBAR



The Sultan of Zanzibar (left) and his eldest son Prince Jamshid with Mr. Sandys. **Right:** Mrs. Sandys with Mrs. Majabwa, the only woman on the Zanzibar Legislative Council

Zanzibar was the second country visited by the Commonwealth Relations and Colonial Secretary during his tour of East Africa. His purpose was to speed up constitutional advance in the Protectorate. Before he left he announced plans to introduce full internal self-government and hold a general election with a minimum of delay. This would be a big step towards complete independence. The plan was received with disappointment by both Government and Opposition political parties, who had been insisting that a date should be fixed at once for complete independence.

From Zanzibar Mr. Sandys went for a day to Dar-es-Saalam for general talks with President Nyere of Tanganyika. He next flew to Entebbe, in Uganda, where he was greeted by demonstrators demanding immediate independence for Zanzibar and Kenya. He had begun his East African tour in the latter country with long conferences regarding the future Kenyan constitution. He was to go back from Uganda to Nairobi for final discussions.

The Commonwealth Relations and Colonial Secretary goes on a sightseeing tour through the streets of Zanzibar. Mrs. Sandys is in the background

A local form of transport—Mr. Duncan Sandys is carried on a wooden chair through shallow water in Zanzibar harbour to visit a sea-going dhow off the shore

JOHN CONNELL

A MINISTRY FOR EXTERNAL AFFAIRS?

Lately there has been flown, in Whitehall and in Printing House Square, a familiar but not unimportant kite. Whether it was one of the formidable new Treasury team who took the old file out, blew the dust off it, and discovering minutes in it by Lord Palmerston, Lord Granville, Sir Edward Grey, Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Anthony Eden, read on, quite fascinated; or whether it was a politician, in a fit of *angst* because he had been bidden, during his last Chequers weekend, to find a workable gimmick or take his life peerage and relegation, my normally reliable sources of information are not, at present, prepared to disclose.

At any rate, it has gone whirring up in the blue and frosty air; and those who are knowledgeable in these matters are watching its progress with the liveliest interest: indeed one or two irreverent sparks are preparing to make a book on it: what are the odds on the United Kingdom establishing, within the next decade, a unified overseas service, under the control and at the disposal of one Department of State? Myself, I think that they are pretty long, and I am not prepared to put down any stake, until I have valid proof of further movement—and I do not mean merely a debate in the Lords or the appointment of a Royal Commission.

Yet I am convinced that it is high time that someone of the status of Lord Ismay and Sir Ian Jacob did the job of investigating and recommending reforms in the confusing welter of our overseas civil services, that they are currently performing in respect of the defence services of

Lord Ogmore, on extreme left, presides in London over a meeting of the officers of the Political Committee of the NATO Parliamentarians' Conference. On this page John Connell discusses the long-canvassed idea of the possibility of concentrating all aspects of Britain's external affairs under the direction of a single ministry

the Crown. That the most cosily vested interests and one or two utterly unnecessary but warmly feathered nests will be disclosed, I have little doubt; and I am certain that they will be defended with ingenuity and resourcefulness.

The principles to apply to a task of this magnitude and, in my view, of this urgency, are embodied in the old questions which Victorian administrative reformers used to ask, when they strove to hack their way through the thick, bristling jungle of patronage and peculation which had grown up around a once sound and reasonably functional eighteenth century framework: is this particular office either relevant or necessary in contemporary conditions, is it economical and is it efficient?

There are three great departments, each headed by a Secretary of State, dealing (at the moment not markedly successfully) with the United Kingdom's complicated and delicate external relations—the Foreign Office, the Commonwealth Relations Office and the Colonial Office. It is true that a single Secretary of State is at the head of the last two; but below his exalted level all thought of amalgamation ceases abruptly. The result is that one conscientious and industrious man (who, as it happens, does not include the art of delegation amongst his many talents) carries the manifold responsibilities and does the grinding work of two. But two Permanent Under-Secretaries jostle (no, that is the wrong word for these two urbane, as well as devoted, officials) their way through his Private Office, and two arrays of subordinate Ministers and their advisers compete zealously for a few minutes of the S of S's intensely valuable time. No, at the moment the relationship of the Commonwealth Relations Office to the Colonial Office is a text-book example of how not to begin an administrative fusion.

This is no individual's fault (and certainly not the Prime Minister's or Mr. Sandys's); it is the consequence of the British adherence to and affection for the "like-Topsy-she-growed" methods of creating and enlarging any organisational structure. Nevertheless, with our colonial empire dwindling rapidly to vanishing point and (unlike the Cheshire Cat) leaving not even the ghost of its grin behind, with the Commonwealth in a high degree of fluidity, and with our international relations—inside the Atlantic Alliance, in Europe, the Middle East and Africa—in a state that can only be described as discreet turmoil, it is surely somebody's duty to hold up a large, impressive hand, like a traffic policeman's, and ask: "What's going on here?"

In an extremely perceptive, if faintly acidulous study of this issue (which, I must confess, was the starting-point of my own meditations thereon), the Diplomatic Correspondent of *The Times* described, in some detail, a recent failure in communications which was the result of the present interdepartmental confusion and dispersal of function. He gave a graphic account of the experiences of a Mr. Dawson, who is H.M. Chargé d'Affaires in Togo, in West Africa, after the assassination of the President, M. Olympio.

The murder was part of a national military coup d'état, the opening gambit in which (in accordance with immutable tradition in these affairs) was the severance of all communications with the outside world. But Mr. Dawson thought, quite properly, that the slaughter of a President was a matter of which it was his duty to inform H.M.G. as promptly and as fully as possible. With a resource, which ought to earn him promotion but (one fears) may well sidetrack him for ever, Mr. Dawson made his way in the small hours of the morning to the Togo-Ghana frontier, and succeeded in telephoning a report to the nearest British representative.

Now Togo is a Foreign Office preserve, but Ghana is a member-state of the Commonwealth of Nations, relations with which are conducted through the C.R.O. From the office of the High Commissioner in Accra Mr. Dawson's important piece of news was transmitted to London through the proper channels. The Togo coup, once more in complete accordance with the procedure laid down for military coups, had been launched during the weekend. It was therefore Sunday morning when Mr. Dawson's information reached its right destination—the Foreign Office. Perhaps it would be tactless to ask—after all, it may have been one of those repulsive weekends when all Britain was virtually immobilised by ice and snow—why nobody, for several hours, thought fit to take the signal across the stately but not enormous courtyard which separates the C.R.O. from the F.O.; but that it is, in Hilaire Belloc's sense, a cautionary tale, cannot be disputed.

For I first discovered—not as a commentator or correspondent but as a serving officer on the Commander-in-Chief's staff in India 20 years ago—what efficient administration really meant. And from the higher echelon of the Indian Civil Service, as well as from that élite within an élite, the Indian Political Service, we do well to remember, some of the best and most intelligent senior men in both the Foreign Service and the Commonwealth Relations Service came, when independence in the sub-continent cut short their careers. That transfusion of new blood has been of the utmost benefit to both these services; but its effects, with the passage of time, are wearing off inevitably.

But reforms there must be. The first and most important is a change of spirit, an eradication of that sense of stuffy, slightly sniffy mutual exclusiveness which pervades interdepartmental relations nowadays. In the fifties and indeed into the sixties, as countries have shed their dependent or colonial status and emerged into the full glory of sovereign nationhood, it has been one of the most rigid (if unspoken) rules that nobody who had any previous experience of an individual country before independence shall be recruited to serve in it after the dawn of liberty. It is possible to discern a sensible, if sentimental, motive underlying this principle; but too often it has put ignorant men—therefore either timorous or presumptuous, and sometimes just plain silly—in posts of high and delicate responsibility. In the past year or two, for example, was it really essential to make a clean sweep of all the C.R.O. officials who had worked excellently in South Africa when it was the Union, and replace them when it became a Republic with a Foreign Office team, imbued to a man with a passionate belief in the nobility as well as the historical necessity of the wind of change?

Practical measures, in my view, must include joint recruitment and joint early training, followed by frequent cross-posting in officials' formative years, and temporary attachments in industry, commerce, journalism and television. These would be only extending to a unified overseas service the principles and practice which, under the Eden reforms of 1943, brought the diplomatic and consular services together, gave able men the chance of merited promotion, and revitalised the Foreign Service in the years just after World War II. They seem to me sheer commonsense; but I wonder, occasionally, whether the country is in a mood for commonsense, and whether—having been offered a commonsense remedy for an old malady—we have the energy and the moral courage to put it into effect.

CARNIVAL TIME

Flowers and satire in many European cities

Floats in the procession in Viareggio in Italy which was watched by vast crowds

In many countries of Europe the period immediately before the start of Lent is traditionally carnival time. Gaily decorated floats carrying giant figures parade through the streets. Sometimes a modern touch combines with the traditional, as for instance the tractors which drew the floats this year in Viareggio. Political satire is often introduced. West Germany in particular tends towards this.

At Mainz this year Chancellor Adenauer, President de Gaulle, Herr Strauss and the *Spiegel* affair were some of the themes. They were popular subjects also in the two-mile-long procession in Munich and in Düsseldorf where the fun was watched by around a million people. San Remo's Flower Carnival is traditional but it took place earlier than most of the pre-Lent jollifications. This year the Band of the Royal Horse Guards went out from Britain to play in the parade entitled "Europe in Flowers."

In the Mainz carnival parade de Gaulle makes Adenauer dance to his tune and kicks the British lion

The start of the celebrations in Nice. **Left:** The band of the Royal Horse Guards marches through San Remo during the Flower Carnival

Mrs. Grace Walsh leads the field in the annual pancake race along the Old Kent Road in London to win for the second year in succession

A transatlantic Shrove Tuesday contest—Linda Risby wins the pancake race at Olney, Bucks. In Liberal, Kansas, and Bell's Corner, Ontario, similar races were taking place for the international silver trophy

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

An " umbrella parachutist " in action at the Adventure Playground for children in Notting Hill, London. There is no need for alarm—a fully trained Warden is attached to the playground. There are at present four such playgrounds in London, aiming to allow children to do things not otherwise easily done in an urban society. Funds are raised and the scheme co-ordinated by the London Adventure Playground Association. It hopes to increase the number of its grounds

YOUTH AT THE PROW? It cannot be said that in reshuffling the key-posts in his Shadow Cabinet, Mr. Wilson (47 next week) has " forsaken the counsel of the old men." He himself is far younger than all but one of the eight named on February 21, whose average age exceeds 60. When the next general election is decided, it may well be that the Socialists will find themselves at the helm but not necessarily that the new ship will be launched with youth at the prow. In fact, it may well be an older Cabinet than the Tory Cabinet it may replace. But to judge by the enthusiasm with which a group of young Conservatives greeted Mr. Macmillan and some of his colleagues at their darkest hour, it may be that the youth of this country does not even now scorn the " counsel of the old men " and still sets store by the political experience of men in their sixties and seventies. And to a certain extent it is always true that youth in leadership in all walks of life is more likely to cause jealousy and murmuring than age. Septuagenarians have a very restricted future. Men in their forties can make the hearts of the ambitious sick with hope deferred.

A DEPRESSING START. I fear that we are in for a sombre and boring time before the next general election if Mr. Wilson's jibes at the Premier's nepotism, delivered at Cardiff, are to set the tone of election oratory, though no doubt the same vulgar abuse paid Lloyd George at Limehouse in 1909. I cannot say that in that first fighting speech Mr. Wilson impressed me as a leader whom a majority of the nation would welcome for his qualities of mind in the great task of uniting the nation, restoring a sense of purpose and dignity, and banishing petty jealousies and selfish and narrow opinions and ambitions. But no doubt politicians feel the pulse of their audiences before they choose their phrases and subject-matter, and Mr. Wilson's Cardiff speech may not have contradicted Mr. Wilson's reputation for political shrewdness. On the other hand, I feel, in advance, a good deal of sympathy for the more squeamish minority of the electorate, which is looking for a broadminded statesman and not a party strategist to clean up the mess.

JACK'S THE BOY FOR WORK. If Mr. D. T. Jack, appointed Chairman of the Inquiry into the trouble at Dagenham, succeeds in unravelling the rights and wrong of that hideous, long-drawn out vendetta, he will deserve the highest honour in the June divide. For if he can establish that the sins and omissions of the management have been no more grievous than those of the unions concerned, the shop-stewards and the floor workers, he may establish again the principle that the " perfect " employer should once again enjoy the right to choose his labour with an eye to productivity and even to dismiss employees who spend a good deal of their working hours in working up complaints and in encouraging others to do the same thing. At present even the " perfect " employer enjoys no such right. If the word " victimisation " could as a result of the inquiry be clearly defined and its definition generally accepted, Mr. Jack will have achieved more in the campaign for productivity than all the Neddies that ever browsed on the industrial field. The good employer will at last be able to manage his business, no longer with his hands tied behind his back; the loyal employee will regain some degree of security and enthusiasm, the bad employer will be branded or induced to reform, and the bad employee will no longer be a victim but a villain who deserves his fate on the dole. Of all the ugly words which have bedevilled industrial relations and limited productivity for many disappointing years, victimisation has been the ugliest, a

A model of a naval dockyard in 1750. This is one in the collection of sailing ships and small craft rearranged to form the first of the new galleries opened in the centre block of the Science Museum in South Kensington, London

destroyer of authority in management as in the unions. For without authority social justice is impossible and social justice was once the basis of the Trade Union movement.

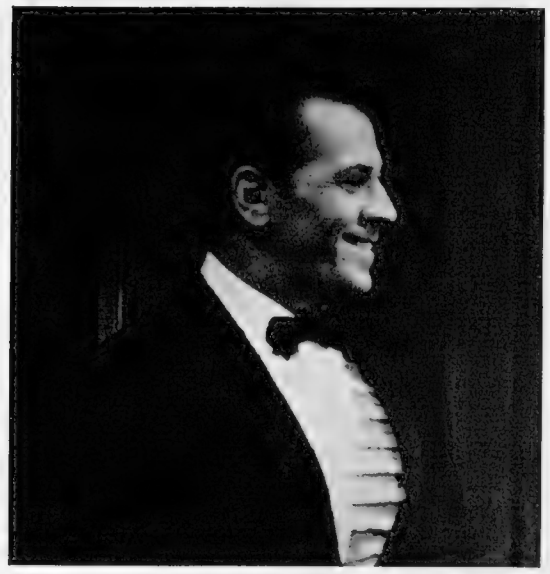
CIRCUSES AND CHARITY. Sir Gerald Nabarro, who recently altruistically presided over one of those notional pool results, enquired of the Chancellor as to the amount of money expended on all forms of gambling in 1961-62. The Chancellor put it at somewhere around £200,000,000. Immediately afterwards, Mr. Hendry, M.P., asked the Chancellor to consider some remission of income tax, super tax and estate duty on contributions to charity and church funds. £200,000,000 is a big sum to throw away on gambling in a year. But it is of course the people's most cherished Circus, and by providing us with circuses, Governments manage to keep us just patient enough not to rise and overthrow them. It wouldn't do to over-tax that particular circus. The attitude of Chancellors to charity and to voluntary services in the Welfare State is not so positive. Charity is no doubt kind, but it suffereth long; and though local authorities economise where they can by still relying on voluntary welfare services, they are not inclined to coddle them and indeed throw on them unpaid services which voluntary workers neither desire nor deserve. In its major plan to reshape Britain nearer to the heart's desire, as outlined by Lord Hailsham, there might be a case for considering some further adjustment of the burdens borne by the gamblers and the charitable. Governments take a very handsome rake-off from our other principal vices (whisky and cigarettes and so forth). There seems no logical reason why their rake-off from gambling should be proportionately less. Gambling may not cause mortal diseases, but it is a disease of the age which does not help productivity.

ASHES OF TEST CRICKET? We are rather too prone to shoot the organists who play us our voluntaries. Advance publicity builds up our excitement in our current circuses to such a pitch that we are bound to suffer some disappointment; and then those who came to praise remain to snipe. After all, those five Test matches caused thousands of fans to set their alarm clocks before 8 a.m. to hear the day's score, and a hundred sporting journalists to pour out a million words of expert criticism. Then again, in cricket nowadays money talks. The " gates " were more than satisfactory. Only on the last day of the series did the cricket-mad Australians show their disillusionment by staying away, and our handsome share of the gate money is almost all we can rely on to keep the County-Cricket-circus's big top standing during what will be left of the summer after football's bloated season. If we haven't brought back the Ashes, we've brought back the dough; and if in future Australian tests, both sides decide to "bury the Ashes" and thenceforth play cricket as a game and not as a test of endurance, the new books to be published on " How we failed to recover the Ashes " will be almost justified as records of a very important M.C.C. tour. In most spheres of human life nowadays the hopes we set our hearts upon turn to dust and ashes and there is something to be said for taking the cash and letting the credit go. After all, it *was* a record tour compèred by an Earl Marshal (on a field vert, a lion dexter couchant and regardant a kangaroo sinister, surmounted by a ducal coronet); and it was conducted with admirable decorum on the field, and, unlike international football, it never resolved into a fisticuff free-for-all. So leave the organists alone; even if they fumbled with the stops occasionally, they gave us value for money.

RED OR WHITE? The M.C.C., up to now very sympathetic about football's troubles, may perhaps fairly consider that they have conceded all the " territory " to be expected of them, and stick their toes in at the decision to play football into June. But, " as at present advised," our " cold snap " will still be going strong in June and football will be more appropriate as a national sport. So perhaps the M.C.C. disquiet themselves in vain. It's a topsy-turvy world we live in and one of its proofs is the fact that cricket is played with a red ball and football nowadays with a white. Red should be adopted for all ball games—even snow-balling. That hideous colour, white, has gone out of fashion as completely as did black satin when Mrs. Manning elected to be hanged in it many decades ago. The M.C.C. hope that the decision of the F.A. may not become a precedent for prolonging the football season till Ascot. So do I.

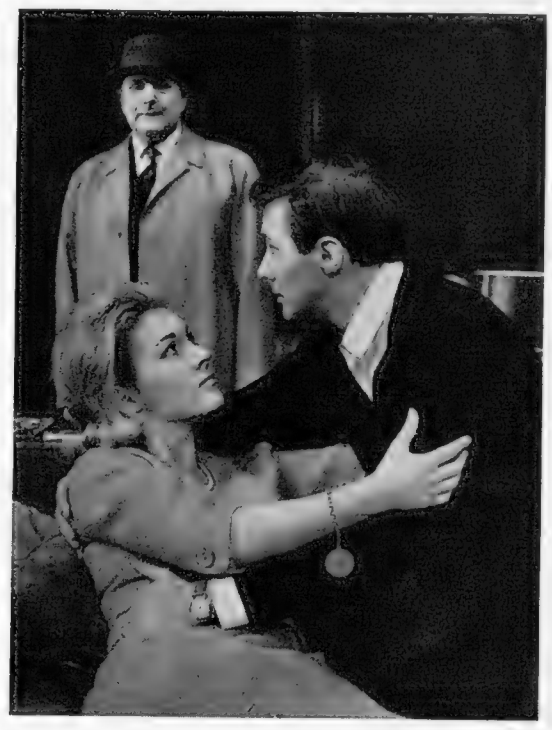
CHEMICALS AND PESTS. Experiments now being made with doctored grain to render unconscious hoards of pigeons, so that they can be picked up and painlessly destroyed admittedly involve considerable risk to game birds. Certainly, these experiments should prove a piece of cake for hungry foxes, but if they in turn fall asleep after their meals on pheasants, the drug contagion should die a natural death. For all creation will let sleeping foxes lie and none will wish to eat them. The latest warnings about chemical warfare against pests concerned fly-sprays. Certainly the immediate effects of using a fly-spray on one's windows and ceilings in autumn are very unpleasant and nose-irritant. The long-term dangers to human life are now said to be horrible and lethal from the use of certain chemicals. Potato and fruit sprays have been suspect far longer, and warnings have been issued about particular precautions to wash the skins of apples and potatoes and other roots before cooking or eating them. As for the new drugs prescribed to alleviate familiar human ills, these, it seems, if fairly successful on the short term, have added a number of quite new diseases to our catalogue of human ills. In short, like blind squirrels in a cage, we pursue a vicious circle in our everlasting efforts to cure ourselves and eliminate our pests. I am not a chemist, but all evidence suggests that those who profess that science are still very ignorant of their potentials for evil or for good. For my part, I incline to agree with Hamlet. I'd " rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

THE OLD STAGER



Dirk Winston, Hollywood film star (Ron Randell)

Bob McKellaway, neurotic young book publisher



Maggie Smith scores a personal triumph as Mary. **Right:** Bob McKellaway (Donald Harron) is interrupted in an embrace with Tiffany (Jemma Hyde) by Oscar (Lockwood West)

ENTERTAINMENT

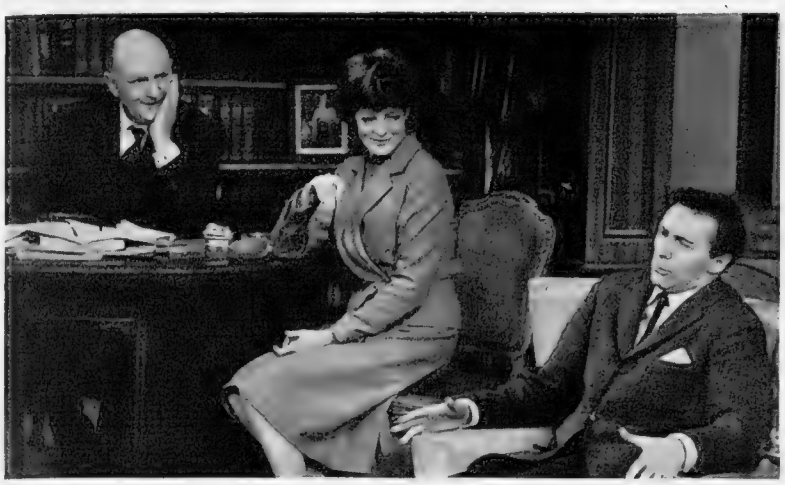
MARY, MARY

at the Queen's Theatre

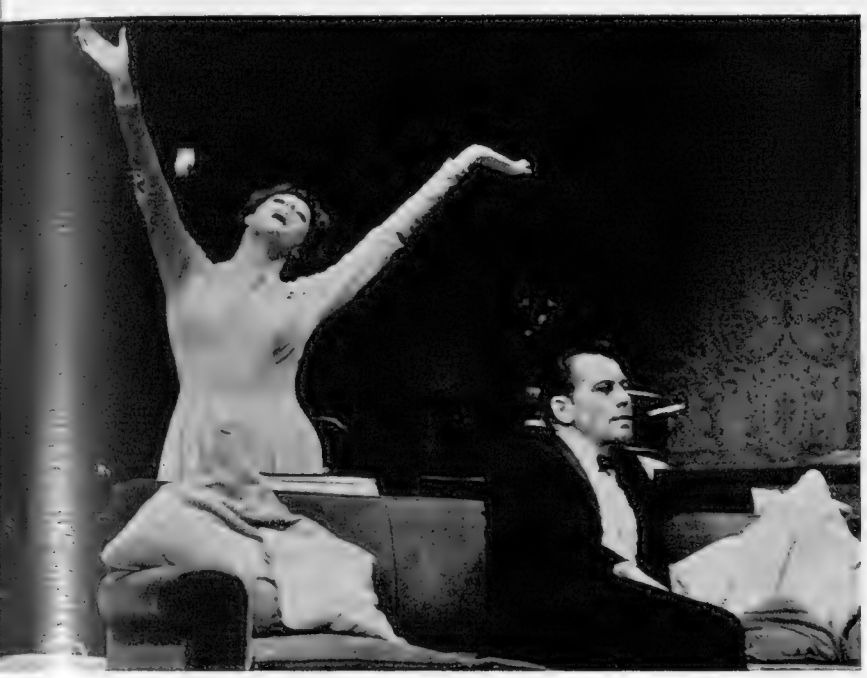
Photographs by Reg Wilson

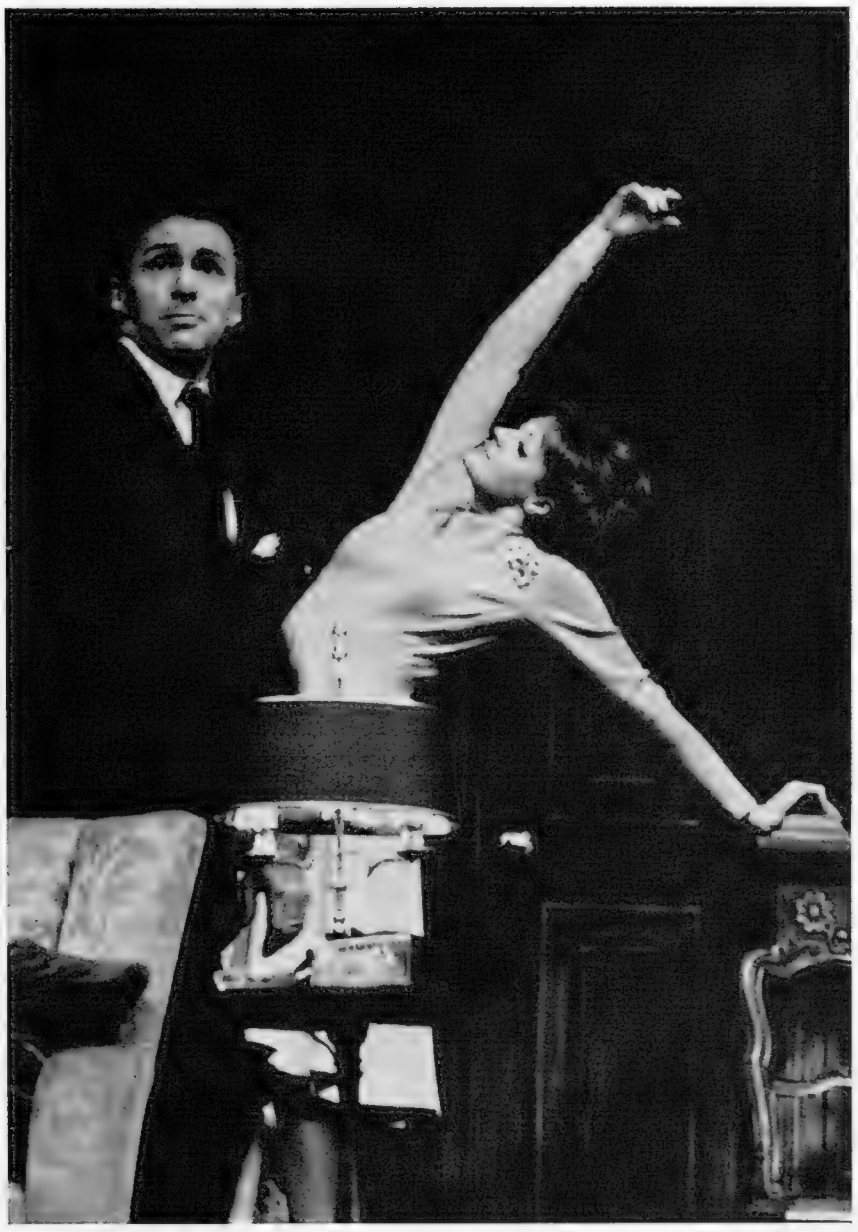
" Light American comedy: one set (interior): 5 characters (3 m., 2 f.): plum part for young comedy actress "—the theatrical notation shows clearly that Jean Kerr's play is very much a formula comedy. But, it is much more skilled than most, is laced with a generous dose of wisecracks, and can be stirred up into a fine, frothy brew. Its arrival in London from Broadway, where it is enjoying a long run, provides a fine opportunity which Maggie Smith makes the most of. She has scored the sort of popular triumph not often seen in light comedy in the West End these days. A sigh of collective relief must have gone up after the first night last week in Shaftesbury Avenue, which has been suffering some chilly blasts of serious criticism this season.

The plot of *Mary, Mary* is a situation. Bob McKellaway, a young highbrow publisher with tax problems, has a new fiancée after divorcing his first wife nine months previously. Ex-wife arrives to help with tax problems. Both clearly still in love with each other. Presence of handsome film star, who fancies ex-wife, precipitates third-act reunion. Mary, the ex-wife, who frightened her husband away by making wise cracks at the wrong moments, gets all the best lines. Maggie Smith gives a sharp, sly edge to the part and is both wildly funny and appealing. By making Mary appear to have real depth, she makes the furore over her re-appearance and the attentions paid to her by ex-husband and film star eminently believable. **J.W.**

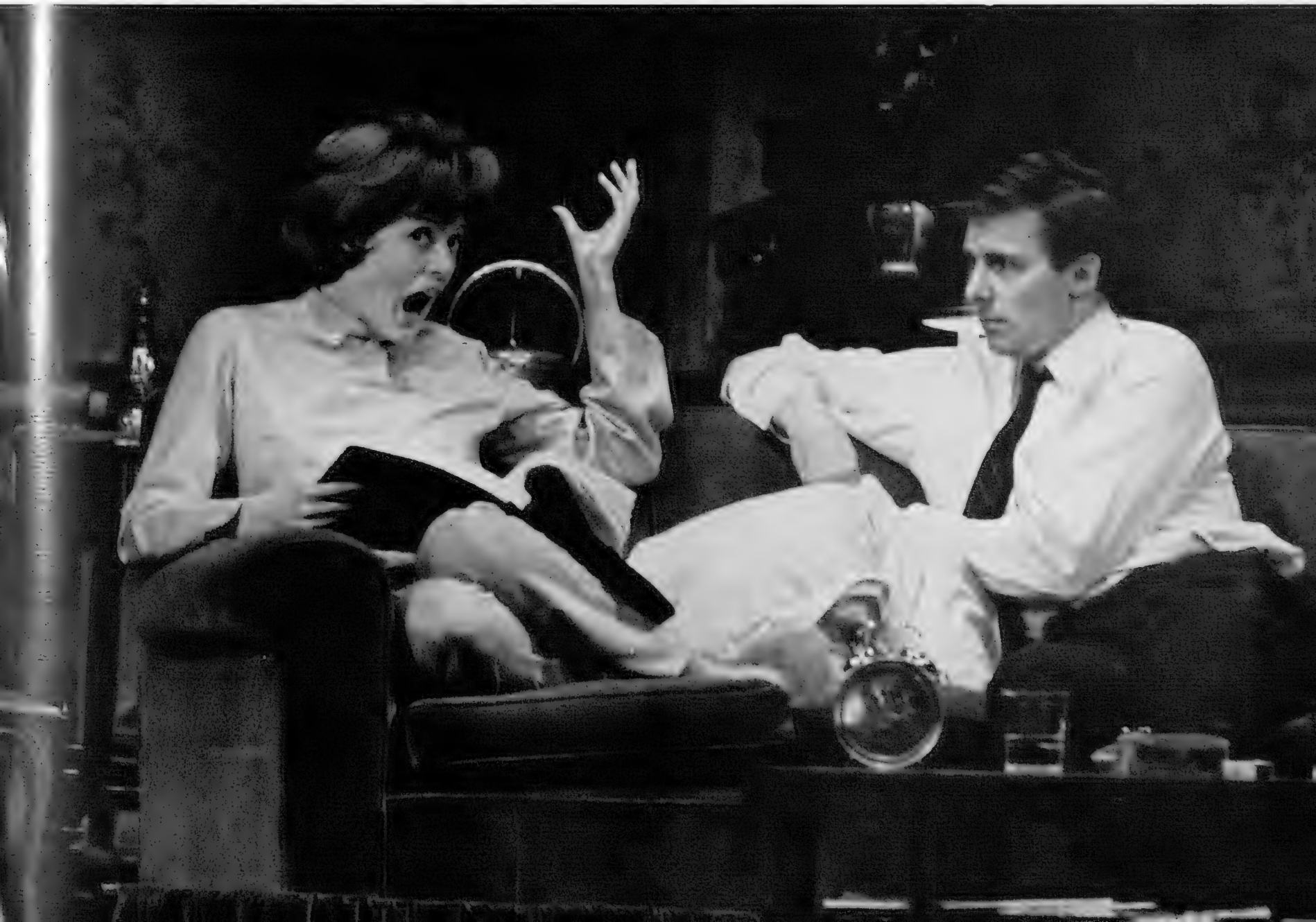


Oscar tries to sort out Bob's tax problems with his ex-wife Mary

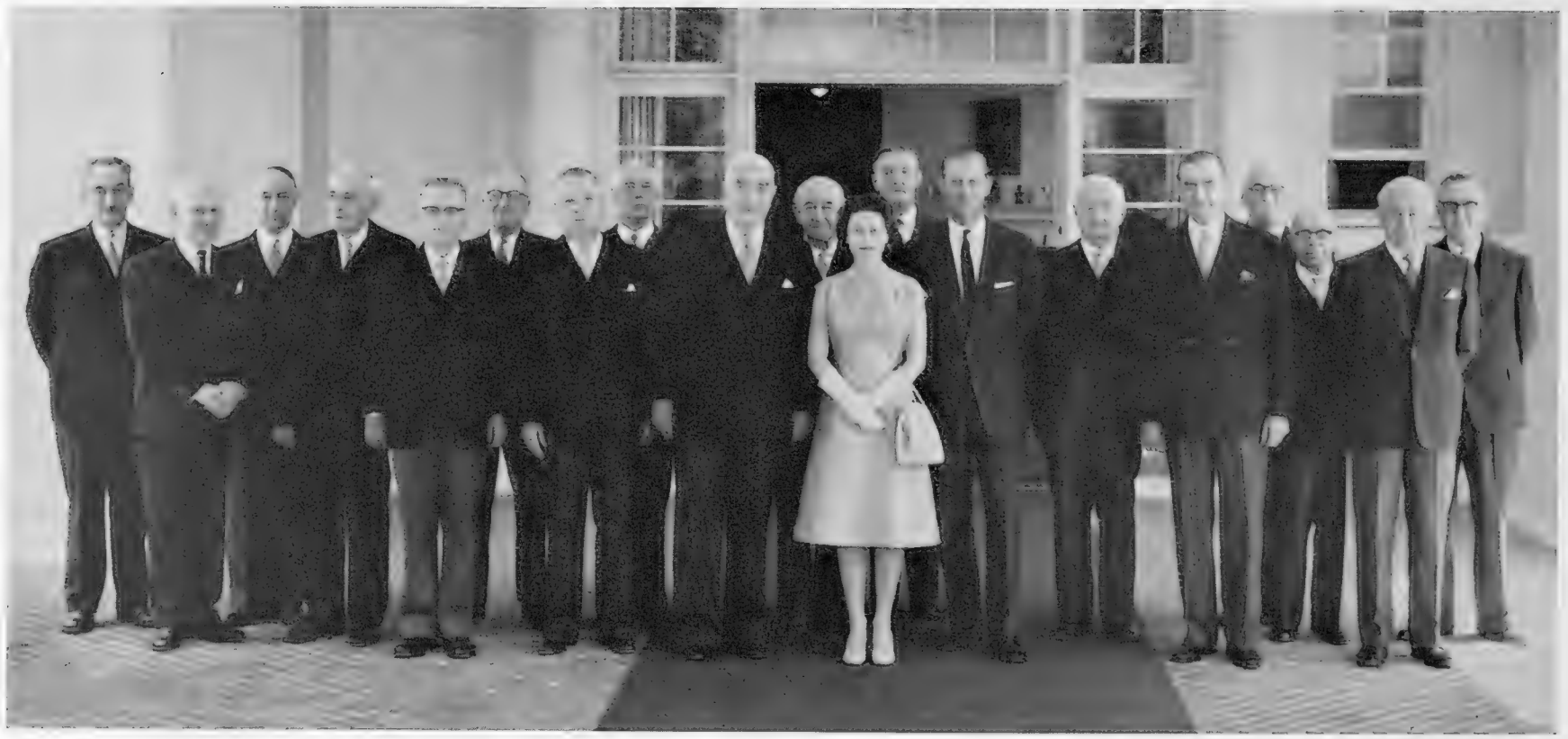




Overcome by an evening out with Dirk Winston, Mary waves her arms like an animated semaphore. **Right:** She then bemuses Bob and **below:** enthuses over Dirk's book



THE VOICE OF THE COMMON



The Queen and her Privy Council in Australia: the photograph was taken in Canberra after Her Majesty had presided over a Privy Council at which six new members were sworn in: Sir Douglas Menzies; Sir William Owen; Sir Victor Windeyer; Sir Edward McTiernan; Sir Alan Taylor and Sir Frank Kitto. With the Queen are, from the left: The Clerk to the Privy Council, Mr. G. Agnew; the Private Secretary to the Queen, Sir Michael Adeane; Sir Douglas Menzies; the Chief Justice, Sir Owen Dixon; Mr. F. M. Forde, a former High Commissioner to Canada; Sir William Owen; Sir Arthur Fadden; Sir Victor Windeyer; the Prime Minister, Mr. R. G. Menzies; a former Governor-General, Sir William McKell; the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle; the Duke of Edinburgh; Sir Edward McTiernan; Mr. J. McEwen; Sir Alan Taylor; Sir Frank Kitto; Mr. Harold Holt and Sir Philip McBride

GREAT BRITAIN

The Freedom of the City of London and Mr. Diefenbaker's speech on receiving it

In his speech of thanks in Guildhall, for the presentation of the Freedom of the City of London, Mr. John G. Diefenbaker, the Prime Minister of Canada, called it " the greatest civic distinction to which any man or woman could aspire." It is therefore worthwhile briefly examining its history before proceeding to the substance of Mr. Diefenbaker's speech.

The earliest evidence of the existence of the Freedom of the City of London is a register of Freemen and apprentices in 1275, and in 1282 Arnald de St. John is known to have been admitted a Freeman on payment of 40 shillings. The whole municipal structure of London was based on the status of Freemen, so it is probable that the Court for the admission of Freemen was ancient even then.

Before the nineteenth century, the Freedom was essential to every man who wanted to trade or to be a craftsman in the City. Many people still like to be identified with the City by becoming Freemen, and it is still necessary for Liverymen of the Livery Companies, who elect the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, to be Freemen of the City. It has been the custom of the Corporation for more than two centuries to present the Freedom as the City's highest honour for exceptional services to the nation or the world. Mr. Diefenbaker is the 240th to receive this honour.

In his Guildhall speech his theme was the history of the City and of Anglo-Canadian relations. He recalled Fox's words regarding the Quebec Government Bill in 1791—" the only means of retaining distant colonies with advantage is to enable them to govern themselves." Mr. Diefenbaker continued: " Here in this place these things had their beginning. The historic Livery Companies remind us that it was trade and not conquest that carried the British flag to the ultimate seas. Had it not been for these trading organisations, had they not lived in their day, there would have been no Commonwealth. They combined the skills, the ability, the capacity, the trading and financial integrity that is needed today as then.

" I mention the Commonwealth. An association of peoples rather than governments, flowering of the seeds of the ideals of freedom and equality and good government, first planted, nurtured and developed in this land and adapted to needs of the lands to the ends of the earth. What thinks Canada of these things ? Well, it will ever be the pride of Canadians that the first success of the overseas adventure of British Parliamentary Government among Commonwealth nations took place in Canada.

Mr. Diefenbaker and Mrs. Diefenbaker, escorted by members of the Royal Canadian Mounted

WEALTH

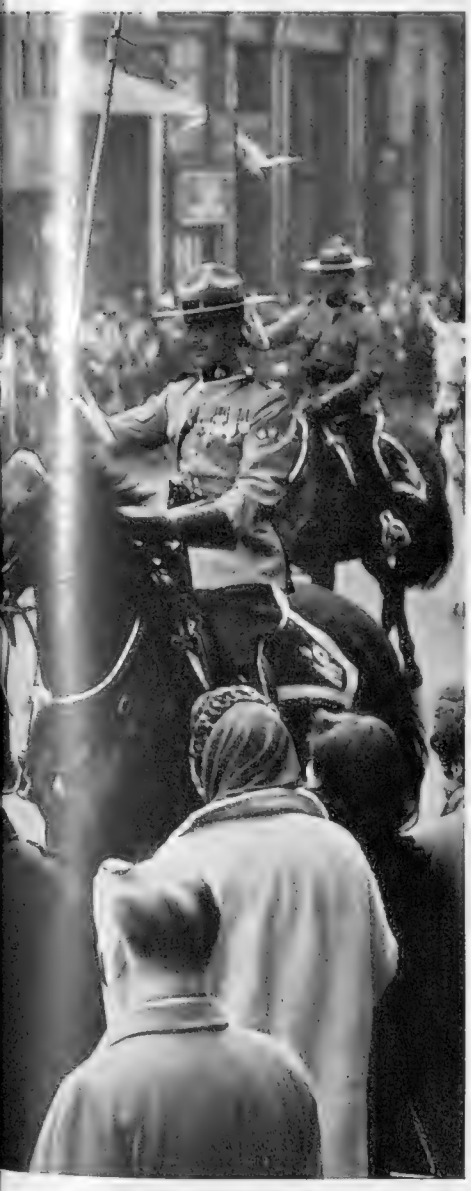
At the Mansion House after the Guildhall ceremony

RHODESIA

The Duchess of Gloucester examines exhibits of "New Art from Rhodesia" in the exhibition at the art gallery of the Commonwealth Institute in London. With her are Sir Albert Robinson (left) High Commissioner for the Central African Federation, and Mr. McEwen, Director of the Rhodes National Gallery in Salisbury. The show is open until April 15

MALAYA

Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Prime Minister of the Federation of Malaya, talks in Kuala Lumpur with General Sir Richard Hull, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. The latter was in the Federation during his tour of South-East Asia, Australia and New Zealand. He had talks with the Tunku and other ministers to review the proposed Malaysia's defence problems



Police, enter the City of London

The presentation of the Freedom of the City of London in Guildhall to the Prime Minister of Canada

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

WILLIAM COBBETT'S BICENTENARY

William Cobbett was born just 200 years ago, on March 9, 1763, at Farnham in Surrey. G. K. Chesterton wrote of him:

> I saw great Cobbett riding,
> The horseman of the shires ;
> And his face was red with judgment
> And a light of Luddite fires.
>
> " A trailing meteor on the Downs
> He rides above the rotting towns,
> The Horseman of Apocalypse,
> The Rider of the Shires."

That one verse seems to sum him up pretty well. This is the trouble when one comes to writing about him: so much has been written already. There can, surely, be nothing new to say? Well, that is true. But, though that is true, it has often occurred to me that almost all those who have written about him have missed the most significant thing about him. Which is that he was a failure. He was a great man, true, but he was a failure. This particularly applies to those who have followed by one means or another the routes of his *Rural Rides*, for though it is the book by which he is known today, on which his present fame rests, it is not primarily a topographical book as it is generally considered to be but a political treatise. That he was a failure holds some importance for us even today: perhaps particularly today.

The main facts of his life are too well known to need repetition. He was the grandson of a farm labourer, but his father who kept an inn—The Jolly Farmer, the house in which William was born and still an inn—was also a small independent farmer. That may sound fairly prosperous, but Cobbett used to say that he could not remember a time when he did not earn his own living. He certainly started young, for when he was earning a few pennies a week scaring birds off the crops he was not big enough to climb the gates and the tramp home was " a task of infinite difficulty."

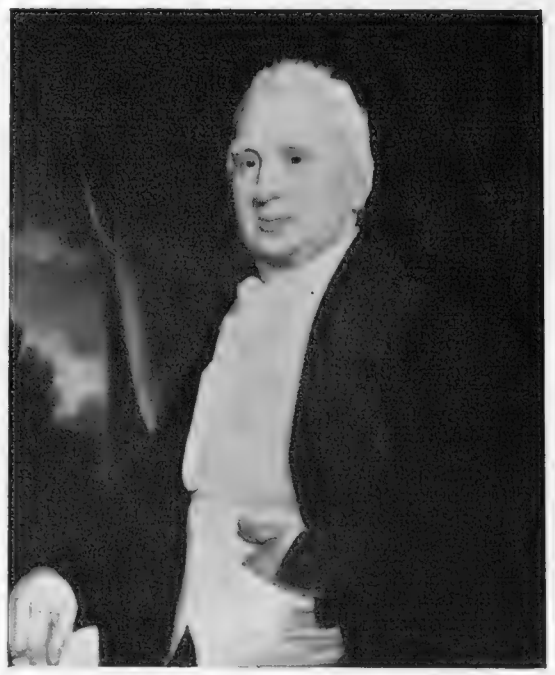
When he was only 12, he walked to London in search of work, buying Swift's *Tale of a Tub* on the way—Swift's caustic tongue had an immense influence on him—and reading it in the evenings when he slept by haystacks, thus laying the foundation of his self-education. That is the sort of beginning liable to produce an out-size chip on the shoulder. Most people do think of Cobbett as being burdened down with chips. But, in fact, he never referred to his early years with bitterness: he recalled only that he had had the good fortune to be " born and bred up in the sweet air."

He first came to public notice in America, where under the pen-name of Peter Porcupine he defended an England vilified on every hand. So virile and out-spoken were his writings that when he returned to England in 1800 he found himself a celebrity. He was at once taken up by the Tories, who thought they saw in him a good propaganda instrument. But Cobbett was never a yes-man—he was a no-man by nature—and he had no great love for the squirearchy. That marriage was short-lived. He became a Radical.

It is important to remember that Cobbett became a Radical for precisely the reason, one would have thought, that he should have remained a Conservative. He was a Radical, he said, because Radicalism means " belonging to the roots." The one thing he was not was a Progressive. He wanted to see the reform of Parliament and the abolition of the rotten boroughs—that was the only point on which all Radicals were united—but he did not want to see a new England.

In his *Advice to Young Men* he said: " I wanted to see no innovation." He did not want to fashion a new England, he did not even want to preserve the England he saw all around him: he wanted to preserve what he believed to be the traditional England. He wanted to put the clock back. All his tours of rural and industrial England, all his writings, all his public meetings, his attacks on the Church, on the new rich, on political jobbery, on the Enclosures, on the Game Laws, his defence of the Luddites, his two years' imprisonment: all were directed to that end.

Not unnaturally, he was a much hated man. He hated certain things, and hate breeds hatred. Creevey called him " a foul-mouthed and malignant fellow ": that followed his attack on Peel, which really was a masterpiece of vituperation. He was also feared because he had a sense of humour and a most caustic tongue, because he had a quick and violent temper (he really did behave very badly on occasion), but above all because he knew not fear himself.



William Cobbett by an unknown Artist
(Photograph by courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery)

He became a Member of Parliament for Oldham in 1832. He was a member of the Parliament which passed the Great Reform Bill. He must have entered that Parliament with high hopes. In fact, the Great Reform Act saw the end of all he had hoped for, all he had worked for. True, it reformed the rotten boroughs, but it gave birth to the process which culminated in the General Enclosure Act of 1845, and it gave the vote not to the majority of the voteless, but to those very people who were determined to make a new England and just the sort of England he did not want to see. Three years later he was dead, a broken-hearted man: and no sooner buried than forgotten.

Any man who wants to put the clock back must fail. The strange thing about Cobbett is that, though the whole of his public life was devoted to an attempt to put back the clock, he was actually a most forward-looking man. If you read those parts of the *Rural Rides* which are today dismissed as " political diatribes," if you read any of his writings, you will find that he intuitively foresaw many of the troubles which have since beset us. He foresaw clearly the sharp division that must arise between employer and employee and many of the troubles that must spring from it. He foresaw penal taxation and an even worse inflation than that which he knew personally.

He did not foresee the rise in the standard of living which has accompanied these things—but that, after all, is a recent phenomenon—he thought that the standard of living of the workers must inevitably depreciate: as for many years it did. The fact remains that he foresaw many of the troubles which have become part and parcel of our lives. But while he looked forward, he thought back.

On the face of it, he should have been a great success as a politician, for he was a man of enormous self-confidence: as self-confident about those things he did not understand as about those he did. This, as we all know, is one of the characteristics of the successful politician. As a politician he was a dismal failure. He was a failure because he spoke his mind, saying just what he thought. He always told the truth as he saw it: the whole truth. As a politician he was bound to fail. The art of the politician is the art of the " half-truth." William Cobbett was an artless man.

Often painted by Constable, Willy Lott's Cottage at Flatford near East Bergholt is being renovated. It is owned by the National Trust. Flatford was one of the water-mills owned by the landscape painter's father

TRIP IN A BALLOON

Photographs by Robert Halmi

Travelling by balloon, like flying in a glider, must be one of the quietest and most peaceful ways of voyaging from place to place: although, since a balloon is at the mercy of the vagaries of the wind, the destination is a matter of chance. But, unfortunately, ballooning is not a cheap way of travelling. These photographs were taken in and over Pennsylvania and record a journey lasting one hour made by a group of enthusiasts. Its cost was about £85—the amount necessary to buy the coal gas used to fill the 80,000 cub. ft. envelope. Other gases used to fill balloons—hydrogen and helium for instance—are even more expensive. And every journey requires a new lot of whatever gas is used, not to mention the cost of acquiring the balloon—in this case an ex-U.S. Army one—garaging

(*Continued on pages 354 and 355*)

The start of an hour's flight from Doylestown, Pennsylvania—the basket and its passengers bump across the grass with a crowd hanging on to guide them until they clear the ground. **Right:** Emptying sand ballast to gain height. **Below:** Looking down on Johnsville Naval Air Base from the balloon during the flight

The balloon, carrying its intrepid passengers, drifts slowly in the wind over the neatly patterned countryside of Pennsylvania

The passengers check their whereа

TRIP IN A BALLOON

(*Continued from page 353*)

it, maintaining it, and transporting it back home. You have to be a very lucky balloonist to get winds which blow in one direction for half the afternoon and in the opposite for the remaining half.

Nevertheless, there are enthusiasts in the U.S., who set out on these aerial adventures—at least they can be assured of collecting large crowds of willing helpers at the ascent and descent. For balloons are rare sights these days. This particular journey started in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and ended in a field of asparagus in New Jersey. Although balloons are not often seen, they still have a wide number of uses—particularly in the fields of astronomy and investigation of the earth's atmosphere. In the past, they were used even more widely, in peace and war. But for a sport these days some way is necessary to decrease the cost—perhaps hot air, as used by the first balloonists, the Montgolfiers, might be an idea.

…s on a …ap. **Below, far left:** The descent—farm helpers hang on to the drag rope. **Below centre:** Down comes the balloon. **Below:** Its release valve hissing, the balloon deflates

A corner of the Morning Room in the premises in St. James's Street

LONDON CLUBS

BOODLE'S

Drawings by

GEOFFREY S. FLETCHER

" Spacious and singularly Elegant . . . built in an uncommonly substantial manner . . . finished with infinite taste." This description was applied to what is now No. 28, St. James's Street when the leasehold of the property was put up for auction in 1802. Boodle's was already in residence, having moved there in 1782, from its original premises in Pall Mall. The club, which celebrated its bicentenary last year, was founded by Edward Boodle. From all accounts he appears to have been a most sociable character and his spirit has permeated the club throughout its long history.

The St. James's Street premises were built as a clubhouse for the Savoir Vivre club in 1775-1776. The architect was John Crunden. At the time of its opening it was said to have been " furnished in a style beyond any preceding club." With the decline of the Savoir Vivre, Boodle's took over the house. In the 1820s various alterations and additions were made by J. B. Papworth and there were further enlargements in the middle of the nineteenth century. The building was thoroughly renovated between 1919 and 1922 but substantially it remains the same as it was when Boodle's first moved in 180 years ago.

The " superb Drawing room or Saloon " as it was described in 1802, has a finely carved marble chimney piece

The front has the style of a Palladian villa adapted to fit an urban site. The architect of the original front in 1775-76 was John Crunden. Alterations were made some 50 years later

TRAVEL

IDYLL IN "THE LAND BEYOND"

By "THE SPHERE" TRAVEL CORRESPONDENT

Decorative chimneys in Olhão in Algarve

A cart passes almond trees in blossom

When you stand on the barren cliff top at Cape St. Vincent swept by the Atlantic winds, you are looking in a direct line of almost uninterrupted sea to the Americas. You are on the most south-westerly point of Europe, once the limits of the known world. You are walking the ground once paced by a sage whose energies were to result in the discovery of new worlds of whose existence he could not even dream.

The sage, of course, was Prince Henry the Navigator, son of João I of Portugal and grandson of John of Gaunt. A pious visionary, Henry had turned his back on the royal court, surrounding himself on this desolate spot with astronomers, cartographers, men of wisdom from the east and men of experience from the sea. History plays strange tricks. The site of the School of Navigation which he founded and which was to launch so many journeys of discovery in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries will itself become increasingly discovered by the holidaymakers of the 1960's. For tourism has discovered a new riviera.

The name Algarve—Portugal's southernmost province—means "the land beyond." Two main roads from Lisbon reach it across the Serras of Monchique and Caldeirão—mountains which are not especially high, but which served to keep Algarve a Moorish stronghold a century after the invaders had been driven back from the north. From these mountains, the land drops gradually to the sea. Forests of pine and cork oak give way to plantations of olive and orange, of sprawling fig trees and the predominant almond whose blossom around late February turns the whole province into a bridal bower.

Why Algarve has for so long remained known only to a farseeing few is one of the many minor mysteries of tourism. Five hours or so in a train or a day in a coach from Lisbon are not, after all, such exceptional hardships, and the rewards are great. There are beaches—immense, empty beaches backed by orange cliffs—whose sole purpose to this day has been as a resting place for the boats after the day's catch. There are hamlets of startling white in which hardly a tourist has set his foot. The Moorish breath of North Africa adds balm to the months of winter; its past influence has left indelible marks on the landscape, the architecture and the people.

Now the secret is out. An airport is to be built at Faro, the provincial capital. If all goes according to plan, after the summer of 1964 there will be no further need to lift a suitcase or tip a porter between London and Algarve. Already preparing for the influx of tourists who surely will not fail to come, new hotels are opening their doors; more are planned. For each rare travel agent who quoted Algarve in his programme two years ago, there must be nearly a dozen today.

Happily, it will be a long, long time before Algarve is spoilt. The beaches are too numerous and too big; many of them are not easy to find. The main road from Sagres in the west to Vila Real de Santo Antonio by the Spanish border rarely touches the coast, and to reach many an undiscovered beach it is necessary to navigate some miles of rutted lane or mule track. This main road is 100 miles long and, as yet, the tourist centres on or near it number but six: Sagres, Albufeira, Armação de Pêra, Lagos, Praia da Rocha and Monte Gordo. Of these, with the exception of Praia da Rocha, none can boast more than one or two hotels of any size, and though Praia da Rocha has the obvious advantages of an established tourist centre, my own preference lies elsewhere.

It lies, for instance, at Albufeira, not only for its superb beach (all Algarve beaches are superb) and cliffs, but because it retains first and foremost its character of a small fishing town; also it lies on the threshold of a great stretch of virgin coastline.

The cool exterior of the Pousada (the State-owned inn) at Sagres. **Right:** The spacious lounge at the Pousada

The sea has eroded the rocks into strange shapes on the beach at Praia da Rocha, the established tourist centre in Algarve

One of the nerve centres of Albufeira is the Café Bailote, whose walls are vivid with the creations of its artist owner. João Bailote's special talent for capturing on canvas the vitality of his native landscape has already established his reputation in Portugal; next year he will hold his first exhibition in London. Over a glass of Lagoa, a local aperitif, we discussed land prices and the future of Algarve.

Together with a good many other people in search of fresh places in the sun, it was a question which interested me greatly. Inquiries had proved that, for the moment at least, there were as many prepared to sell as to buy. A notice on a café door in Lagos quaintly announced " plots of land by selling at sea coast." In Albufeira, the news that there was a stranger in town spread like wildfire; offers of hovels, houses, minor mansions came thicker and faster and with increasing extravagance. Like the demand, prices are rising fast. In Albufeira, the present rate of 50-60 escudos per square metre compares with one escudo ten years ago (an escudo is worth 3d.). At Sagres, it is half as much again; at Praia da Rocha, three times more. In remoter places, it may drop to 30 escudos, though to find such bargains one must be on the spot, search diligently and sift the mass of rumour, counter-rumour and advice which such inquiries inevitably bring !

After Albufeira, Sagres impressed me greatly by its two good hotels, the sheer drama of its cliffs, the primeval aspect of this meeting place of land and sea. In such a spot, any personal illusions of grandeur cannot long survive. Lagos, for different reasons, holds much appeal: its picturesque streets, spacious waterfront and the nearby promontory carved into the most exquisite rock fantasies. Olhão, the " cubist town," attracts by its pure North African style; Monte Gordo by its luxury in the shape of the Hotel Vasco da Gama, though the vast beaches of this part of coast are lacking in the cliffs found elsewhere.

In the long run, though, it is details rather than generalisations which create memories. One remembers the chimney pots of individual and often delightful design; the dark-eyed women with their incongruously masculine headgear; the sudden splash of brilliant red or blue-washed houses; the glimpses of oxen-drawn ploughs patiently pacing the red-brown earth; the preposterous bedlam of the livestock markets; the horse-drawn traffic, finely decked; the immense curiosity of a people whose inborn acting ability makes them the photographer's delight; the confectioners' shops and their almond-sweet delicacies; the schoolchildren in their white smocks; the street sellers hawking pomegranates and roast chestnuts.

In terms of such stuff as holiday dreams are made of, Algarve is not lacking in any way.

For further information: Portuguese State Information and Tourist Office, 20 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

NEW HIGHWAY CODE FOR GREECE: AND OTHER TOPICS

Driving in Greece has become very much easier since the new highway code was brought into force on January 27. No longer will intermittent flicking of headlights be permitted and no longer will cars be allowed to travel along the roads without lights. Perhaps what is most welcome is that the practice of holding a driver responsible in principle for accidents and keeping him in custody is abandoned. The six camping sites controlled by the motoring organisations of Greece will be available both on the mainland and on the islands this summer. They are Dafni, nine kilometres from Athens; Kourouta in the Peloponese; Limmi Heraiou, near the town of Loutraki; Dimitri Mitropoulos, between Olympia and Tripolis; Nisou Monis, situated on a small island near the coast of Attica; and Nisou Samothrakis, which is on Samothrace island in Northern Greece.

Two new luxury hotels have been opened in Egypt, the new Winter Palace Hotel at Luxor, and the new Cataract Hotel at Aswan.

Luxembourg has always been just that little bit more difficult to reach from this country and therefore has been somewhat overlooked by holidaymakers. It is a most picturesque and lovely little country which should be much better known. The news therefore that Luxembourg will be served by three Cunard-Eagle flights a week from London throughout the coming season will be most welcome. Other services run by Cunard-Eagle include London to Dinard, Innsbruck, La Baule, Palma, Perpignan, Pisa/Florence, and Rimini as well as one from Birmingham to Palma.

There has been a good deal of interest shown in the Great Barrier Reef of late, paradise islands for sale and so on, so that it is interesting to learn that visitors, fishermen in particular, are well catered for on Hayman Island. Cabin cruisers can be chartered by the day or week while launches can be hired for half and whole-day charters for £Aus. 8 and £Aus. 15. This includes a sandwich or barbecue lunch. Sightseeing cruises are also available from 10s. to £Aus. 2 5s. per person, and include coral inspections by glass-bottomed boats as well as trips to various nearby islands.

From April 30 BOAC is cutting eight to ten hours from present scheduled times on its Central American route to Caracas and Bogota by replacing Britannias with 707 jet airliners.

A shuttle-service from Frankfurt to Hamburg by air and operated by Lufthansa will start on April 1, a single flight costing £6 14s. and the return flight £12 1s.

W.D.C.C.

BOOKS

WORLD-WIDE PRIVATEERING

The voyage of Rogers and Dampier; on gamblers, debs and antique dealers; and recent fiction

It isn't often that a book can sport on its jacket an enthusiastic recommendation by an Admiral of the Fleet, but so it is with FABULOUS VOYAGE (Gollancz. 25s.), the record of an amazing circumnavigation of the world undertaken by a man whom Sir Philip Vian rightly refers to as " the indomitable Captain Rogers " and by his colleague, William Dampier, foremost explorer of his day. The voyage began in 1708, when two privately-owned men-of-war (a state of affairs which was still possible in those days) sailed from Bristol for the seas off South America, then controlled by the Spanish. The ships were called the *Duke* and the *Dutchess* and during nearly three years at sea as privateers they had lost more than 100 men, taken 20 enemy vessels, held a city to ransom, brought back the Manila Galleon and rescued Robinson Crusoe (or Alexander Selkirk) from his island. Mr. Fleming MacLeish and Mr. Martin L. Krieger tell the incredible story of adventure with the most satisfying blend of factual reporting and appreciation of the dramatic and it makes marvellous reading.

There is something pretty fabulous, though in an entirely different way, about Mr. Charles Graves' story of the international gamblers known as the Greek Syndicate, in NONE BUT THE RICH (Cassell. 25s.). Mr. Graves, with his talent for presenting cold figures and explosive facts, has devised the most entertaining book on the subject of high play and even higher living, than I can remember, with lashings of suitably coloured anecdotes and his own lively and experienced reconstruction of great days in Deauville and Monte Carlo.

CORONET AMONG THE WEEDS (Heinemann. 16s.) is a volume of autobiography by Miss Charlotte Bingham who is still only 20 and who has written about the life and times of a debutante with a difference. It is fresh, engaging, irritating and funny, in almost equal parts, tells the story of her life—or a reasonable approximation of it—from the ages of 13 to 19 and has some extremely acid comments to make on the world of debbery, hunt balls and that indefinable, largely indefensible period known as The Season.

THE CHEST WITH A SECRET (Gollancz. 21s.) is a further book of adventures in the life of a Parisian antique dealer, Mme. Yvonne de Bremond D'Ars, whose heroine here is just such another lady, a buyer and seller of precious objects and furniture, collected with taste and sold at leisure. Here she is tracing the history of a lovely and unusual dress found in an old chest and serving as the starting-point for a search for a long-lost mother. Her book is attractively written.

Miss Storm Jameson has written an astringent comedy of manners in A MONTH SOON GOES (Macmillan. 18s.); a change from some of her recent more serious work and a highly entertaining novel in its own right. The time is a summer of a few years ago and the setting an English country house to which a famous *diseuse* returns after an absence of some years. To greet her there are her elderly invalid husband; her daughter, now grown into a pretty young woman; her lover for many years, a dilettante writer; and a visiting and moderately Angry Young Playwright. The woman's own contribution is to use her own strong personality and her startling egotism to disrupt the lives of the whole group, cause a possible murder and go on her way again. Lightly treated and most amusingly written.

NEVER GO TO SEA (Michael Joseph. 16s.) is Mr. John Winton's new naval novel, this time on a land-locked basis, with his hero, Commander Bollinger Badger (known in maritime circles as The Artful Bodger) serving at the Admiralty, his interests at least partly engaged by a new venture into the practical side of horse racing. Hilarious as ever and very good value.

Mr. Hugo Charteris, a thoughtful and often witty writer, has produced one of his best novels in PICTURES ON THE WALL (Collins. 18s.): the story of a detention centre, its warden and two of the young characters with whom he has to deal. Here is a novelist who follows no definite tradition but brings his own extraordinarily acute perceptions to bear on each of his characters' problems and each of the successive phases of their emotional development. In the simplest of phrases, I find his books a treat.

Mr. Rodney Quest has the rewarding and apparently dependable gift of being able to tell a story and demonstrates it to advantage in JUST OFF BOND STREET (Hutchinson. 16s.), the tale of a family in the esoteric world of antique dealing, this time in London. The principal figure is a brash but not unintelligent young man brought up by his old Jewish uncle in this specialised business, resenting the older man's miserly but effective methods and turning to an uneasy and highly undiplomatic

SEE YOU INSIDE is the title of a new revue which stars Hugh Paddick, Moyra and Jon Pertwee. It opens in London at the Duchess Theatre on March 13. Also in the cast are John Dane, Mary Millar and Amanda Barrie

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

Leonard Kirschen's ten years in Rumania

The literature about their sufferings by captives in concentration camps—Nazi or Communist, Fascist or authoritarian—is an inspiring record of the heroism inherent in human nature which enables anyone to rise above and overcome, if they have the courage, the crass brutality and savagery which is the reverse of the coin. But how few of the brave survive to tell their tales?

Leonard Kirschen is one of them. He is a journalist, and perhaps places himself in a different category, deeming it essential to tell the world of his ten years' sojourn in Rumanian camps and prisons and to bring out points of significance illuminating the broad canvas of world events. From his arrest in 1950 to his release in 1960 this former Associated Press representative in Bucharest, who was educated at Clifton and Peterhouse and became British by naturalisation, endured great privations and the degradation of a tyrannous regime. PRISONER OF RED JUSTICE (Arthur Barker. 25s.) is an appalling story of man's inhumanity to man, neither new nor surprising. Today, the author is back in the journalistic saddle, and it is good to know that his qualities of endurance saw him through and that he has been able to take his place again in his chosen profession. Mr. Kirschen's ordeal must pass the comprehension of all of us who have never had a like misfortune.

When the leaders of the Russian Revolution set out to build a new society they probably did not have to ponder either long or deep on what place they were prepared to allow a legal system in a Communist state. They were sure at any rate that they could not at once dispose of courts of law, so they tailored justice to come under the Executive and since then they have gone on in their own unsweet way. Peter Archer, barrister and author, surveys COMMUNISM AND THE LAW (Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.) in a most absorbing little book. He notices a relaxation in attitude under Khrushchev, but does not foresee any very far-reaching experiments in civil liberties. There is a point beyond which the power of the courts will not be allowed to develop, he says, and that point falls very far short of the Rule of Law. Death by hanging, which was introduced in the Second World War, appears to have been discontinued, but death by shooting is euphemistically referred to as " the supreme measure of social defence."

Thirty years ago Japan was beset by an earthquake of devastating force, the largest natural disaster ever recorded. The quake, and the vast fires and tidal waves that followed it, destroyed two of the largest cities in the world, Tokyo and Yokohama, and what was to follow decades later at Hiroshima and Nagasaki was to prove no more terrible. In TWO MINUTES TO NOON (Arthur Barker. 21s.) Noel F. Busch records that visitation in tragic detail. 140,000 people lost their lives on that day which aroused the compassion of the whole Western world, a compassion that was swiftly translated into active help on behalf of the survivors.

Picking out one or two titles from the flood of recent paperbacks here are a few original works—

PENGUIN SCIENCE SURVEY 1963 A and B (two volumes 7s. 6d. each), a series of authoritative, but clearly written, essays on subjects ranging from astronomy to zoology.

THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO INVESTMENT by Gordon Cummings (Penguin. 3s. 6d.).

ROADS by Alan Day (Mayflower. 3s. 6d.), a challenging appraisal of and solution to the chaos of Britain's traffic system.

Four handbooks from the British Museum, each full of detail and with well-chosen illustrations—TURKISH MINIATURES by G. M. Meredith - Owens; GREEK TERRACOTTA FIGURES by R. A. Higgins; GREEK AND ROMAN POTTERY LAMPS by Donald M. Bailey; and JOHANNES GUTENBERG, the inventor of printing, by Victor Scholderer. Each handbook costs 5s.

WILLIAM MORRIS: Selected Writings and Designs (Pelican. 7s. 6d.), is edited by Asa Briggs and is also well illustrated.

CHORAL MUSIC (Pelican. 8s. 6d.), edited by Arthur Jacobs, with essays by over 20 contributors, covers the field from the Winchester Troper (circa A.D.1000) to the present day.

Richard Edmonds

love affair for consolation. Most readable and a slightly alarming insight into the relationship between connoisseur customers and even more knowledgeable sellers.

THE PRIDE OF PARTHENON (N.Y.) (Gollancz. 21s.) is Mr. Laurence Lafore's polished and often very funny novel about an ex-military policeman-cum-gigolo who changes places with a professor with some of the results one might expect—and a great many none but the author could have devised. The change over is planned in Rome where the American professor remains as the loved one of a beautiful, middle-aged lady, and whence the equally good-looking predecessor returns to their native United States to take up an appointment at a college. I would advise you to read this one for yourselves and would only say that it has very little in common with Anstey's *Vice Versa*.

Miss Garet Rogers' novel, THE JUMPING OFF PLACE (Putnam. 18s.), is accurately described as "savage and ironic." It is concerned with the staff and patients in an American mental hospital, with all the tragedies and oddities that the theme suggests and a few more besides. Readable though, and as sensitive as it appears authentic.

Alejo Carpentier is that fairly rare being, a writer's writer, and the most considerable of the many tributes to his work have come from such distinguished colleagues as J. B. Priestley, Richard Church and Dame Edith Sitwell. His new novel, EXPLOSION IN A CATHEDRAL (Gollancz. 21s.), has been translated by Mr. John Sturrock and establishes him firmly as one of the most considerable novelists of our day: a man whose imagination and powerful vision would fit awkwardly into any conventional category but who makes his own tradition as he goes. The period of the new book is the French Revolution; the setting the Caribbean; two circumstances which superbly fit his evocative power and range.

Finally, and worlds apart from the last book, there are three recommendable thrillers. First is Miss Patricia Moyes' MURDER A LA MODE (Crime Club. 12s. 6d.), in which the office of a bewilderingly *chic* fashion magazine is the scene of a genuinely mysterious murder. THE CHINA GOVERNESS (Chatto and Windus. 18s.) is a new detective story and spine chiller by Miss Margery Allingham. *Verb. sap.*, of course, and certainly to be added to all rightly planned lists, though there wasn't nearly enough of Albert Campion about it for my taste. And last, THAT FEEDS ON MEN (Collins. 12s. 6d.), by Mr. Ivor Wilson, a tough, not to say violent, episode in the career of the new investigator, Flamm, who has certain affinities with that alarming personage, Bond.

Vernon Fane

MORE EDWARDIANA

The only banal chapter in Lady Cynthia Colville's CROWDED LIFE (Evans. 25s.), deals with her service at Court. Her great abilities and wide interests and selfless service are well illustrated in her chapters on Shoreditch and problems of juvenile delinquency, on yachting and travel and life in Dublin. If her memories of upper-class Victorian childhood and Edwardian Society follow the conventional pattern of such social memoirs, they are told with point and humour, and there is a capital portrait of her eccentric "Uncle Crewe." As a footnote to her political history, George V's life-long resentment at the forcing of his hand over contingent guarantees in November 1910 was not confined to Asquith. Her father, Lord Crewe, shared in it and at the end of his political life admitted that they "had not treated the King very well." But it was a friendly exchange between them. His was an interesting, many-sided character. His poem *A grave in Flanders* deserves its place in our national anthology of wartime poetry.

John Gore

Left foreground are Liu (Raina Kabaiwanska) and Timur (Joseph Rouleau); centre Turandot (Amy Shuard) and the Emperor (Joseph Ward); and right Calaf (Bruno Prevedi)

Liu, Timur and Calaf. **Below:** With the Emperor looming over them, Turandot addresses Calaf

TURANDOT

at the Royal Opera House

Last week, the Covent Garden Opera Company mounted a lavish new production of Puccini's last opera, *Turandot*, with Amy Shuard in the taxing, leading role of the ice-cold Princess. The elaborate sets of Pekin and the vast number of Chinese costumes are the work of Cecil Beaton (who completes a notable double with these and his designs for Frederick Ashton's new ballet *Marguerite and Armand*, which is set in Paris). The producer of *Turandot* is Sandro Sequi. The role of Calaf, the Unknown Prince who successfully answers the three riddles of Princess Turandot, is sung by the young Italian tenor, Bruno Prevedi.

(Photographs by Anthony Crickmay)

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

F. Faerber

Mr. Faerber, as Chairman and Managing Director of S. F. Mokes, Ltd., has built up a small workshop with one employee into a leading firm of precision engineers, with a large factory in Walsall, carrying out a large range of activities. Frederick Faerber was born in Poland and studied engineering at Breslau University. He came to Britain in 1939 and studied at Birmingham University and Birmingham Technical College before joining the Army. Mr. Faerber was invalided out in 1941; whereupon, to gather as much technical knowledge as he could, he began working in all kinds of engineering jobs from design and planning to time and motion study, eventually becoming assistant general manager of a leading Birmingham engineering company. In 1949, Mr. Faerber formed his own company. Nowadays, the company activities include manufacture of jigs, tools and fixtures, prototype work, machine building and development, design and construction of equipment for the aircraft industry and nuclear power stations. Mr. Faerber is interested in all aspects of youth and is Chairman of the Walsall and District Apprenticeship Training Committee. In addition he runs his own apprenticeship school. Married, with one daughter, he lives in Walsall. His hobbies include photography, gardening, golf and reading

NUCLEAR POWER PACKS FOR SHIPS?

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Nobody in England, perhaps, is properly qualified to judge the argument that has erupted into a public row over the Government's plans to build a nuclear-powered ship. When deeply interested experimenters—it would be an exaggeration to call anyone an expert here, in the sense of proven knowledge of an established technology—begin arguing bitterly about something that neither of them has yet developed, the instinct of the ordinary citizen is to get onto the sidelines until the argument has subsided. When the only way of settling the argument is to spend rather a lot of the citizen's money, however, it is not quite so easy to leave it to the practical—or impractical—men. Failure to achieve technical agreement on the right kind of nuclear propulsion system has not occurred through too much haste. Some political critics of the Government have accused it of pulling this idea out of the bag as a sudden political gesture. Political or not, there is very little that could be called sudden about it: the discussion about a nuclear-powered merchant ship has been going on for nearly a decade.

It was as long ago as 1955 that nuclear engineers began to argue about the kind of reactor that could best be fitted into a ship, and the first official committee to consider a specification was set up in 1957. The nuclear consortiums that had begun to build Britain's land-based atomic reactors were equally interested; some of them, and other engineering groups, put forward designs for ship reactors. In 1959 a number of these firms were asked to scale down the size of the units they had first proposed, because the Admiralty and Ministry of Transport had a smaller vessel in mind, and to put forward tenders for building these smaller units. Several tenders were put in; the committee of departmental ministries deliberated upon them, with the technical assistance of the Atomic Energy Authority; in 1961 the Government announced that it would not be prepared to build any of those submitted, and paid the firms tendering quite large sums in compensation for their trouble. Further research, it was said, would be needed, since the Atomic Energy Authority had found these designs technically lacking; and the A.E.A. itself began to take more of a hand.

The two designs that the Government has now announced seem promising enough to justify reopening negotiations with shipping and shipbuilding firms; both are for reactor systems upon which the Authority has done a good deal of work. They incorporate improvements that it feels could bring the cost of the reactors down to a level that would be economic—or nearly economic—for practical shipping operations.

One group of improvements in these reactor units is concerned with bringing down fuel costs, by two methods, of using the nuclear fuel elements for as long as possible. The first, used in the "Vulcain" reactor (to which American and Belgian designers contributed the original ideas) involves changing the nature of the "moderating" fluid used to control the rate of fuel "burn-up," as time goes by, to compensate for the loss of reactivity. The second is to use fuel elements that contain some rods of a "nuclear poison" alloy that absorbs neutrons. These would lose their "poison" property, at the same rate that reactivity from the fuel rods is released. As the reactivity of the fuel rods declines over time, so does the absorption of neutrons by these rods; reactivity for the power unit is thus "progressively released," and the useful life of the nuclear fuel is prolonged.

The longer the periods between changing the nuclear fuel for a ship reactor, the more chance there is of making the system compete with normal marine power plants. Both of the reactor systems that the A.E.A. has been studying are "packaged systems," enclosed in steel pressure vessels and integrally designed so that they could be lifted whole out of the ship for refuelling or overhaul. These could also be constructed in series on the shore more cheaply, rather than constructed as a built-in part of the ship's structure. These reactors would supply steam to a turbo-alternator to run the main engine of the ship.

Whether these new reactors could be built cheaply enough to make a nuclear ship economic remains to be seen. When tenders were put forward in 1961, it appeared that none of the designs then promoted could be built for less than about £1,000,000. That is five times as much as an ordinary ship's boiler costs, though of course the nuclear fuel costs would be far lower. For economic operation, it was calculated, one would need the reactor unit for about £500,000-£750,000, and the nuclear fuel costs would need to be 0.15-0.2d. per "shaft-horse-power/hour" of fuel life. None of the 1961 designs could match that.

The Atomic Energy Authority thinks that with continued development, either one of the reactor systems that it is now backing might get into that range of costs. This has been sharply disputed by Captain H. F. Atkins, former chief engineer of Vickers Nuclear Engineering Company; his bitterly phrased criticisms of the Authority's designs, made very public, appear to have cost him his job. The technical Press in the nuclear engineering field, again, has criticised the Government for assuming more progress with these designs than has in fact been achieved.

Although their announcements have naturally been phrased to sound as decisive as possible while committing them to as little as possible, the Ministers have in fact only decided to begin discussing nuclear propulsion again with the shipbuilding and shipping industries. When they turned down the private firms' designs in 1961, they emphasised that the Government was not interested in building a ship for prestige purposes, like the American liner *Savannah*, which nobody pretends will operate economically. (The Russian's big ice-breaker *Lenin* might possibly come nearer economic operation, but the operational economics of an ice-breaker are somewhat peculiar.) Britain has always thought of nuclear propulsion for a large tanker of maybe 65,000 tons d.w.; a dry cargo vessel; and perhaps a 30,000-ton liner (which would use two 20,000 s.h.p. reactor units). The passenger liner would be designed for a speed of about 25 knots and the tanker for about 15 knots (though neither speed would be particularly impressive by modern standards).

Presuming that the A.E.A. reactors can be built and successfully operated without the dire consequences prophesied by Captain Atkins (the A.E.A. designers responsible admit that some of his points do constitute real problems, but believe they can be dealt with in development), the question of operating the ship arises. This will be where the consultations with shipowners and builders come in.

The Government might prefer to have shipowners order the vessels, and pay the cost of a normal ship and propulsion, with State aid to make up any additional cost arising from the installation of nuclear units. Even after that capital cost, there could be no certainty that the vessel would match the costs of an ordinary vessel: so an operating subsidy to cover any excess running costs might also have to be offered. The alternative that some shipowners might prefer would be for the Government to build the ship and for a shipping line to operate and manage it; in practice, the two courses might not turn out commercially very different.

Considerable problems of operating regulations, acceptability in foreign harbours, and training of crews arise, even assuming that the ship can be built successfully and economically. Nuclear engineers outside A.E.A., some of whose noses are a trifle out of joint, are doubtful whether 1967 is a practical date to set for completion of the vessel. But with Germany and Japan, the country's two main shipbuilding competitors, slightly farther forward with their paper plans at least, Britain cannot afford to wait much longer before taking some firm decision.

NEW AID FOR CONTRACTORS

The Keppel, a new British trailer crane, can lift—and move on road wheels—loads of up to 80 tons. It has been designed and made by Mobile Lifting Services Ltd., one of the Tarmac Group of Companies. The crane is fully mobile, with jib extensions up to 140 ft., and is claimed to be capable of almost double the load of conventional mobile cranes. The jib erection winch can be used for controlling awkward loads. The Keppel, driven by a Euclid tractor, uses a total of 800 ft. of wire rope, weighing in all 18½ cwt., supplied by William Cooke, Rotherham

Only part of the structural concrete frame of the new Riceman's store in Canterbury is left exposed. A section of the podium level is cantilevered over the pavement. The contractors were Richard Costain (Construction) Ltd.

BUILDING FOR TOMORROW

With the need for the redevelopment of Britain's cities and towns having become a burning issue, the British building industry is facing a large-scale challenge. In recent years, there has been a revolution in the methods of construction—particularly of tall blocks of building—and this revolution seems likely to continue, particularly in the field of prefabrication of large units. As far as structural design is concerned, the trend has moved from the old-fashioned frame, with beams protruding below the ceiling level and columns spaced around the perimeter of the building. Modern tall blocks are now often constructed on the principle of being cantilevered out from central lift and stair wells, leaving the architect free to treat the exterior of the building as he wishes.

An example of cantilevering is New Zealand House, towering 19 storeys above London's Haymarket. These

(*Continued on page 366*)

The new Albany Hotel, overlooking Birmingham's Ringway

White concrete was used in the Science Block of the Manchester College of Science and Technology. Contractors—J. Jarvis and Sons. **Right:** New Zealand House, London

The flats at Barras Heath, Coventry, being constructed on the Jackblock system. **Right:** A multi-storey block of flats, with car park, on the Margate seafront. Contractors were Bernard Sunley and Sons. **Below:** The nine-storey office block of Michael House, Manchester, with its undulating concrete shell canopy. Contractors were Henry Matthews and Sons

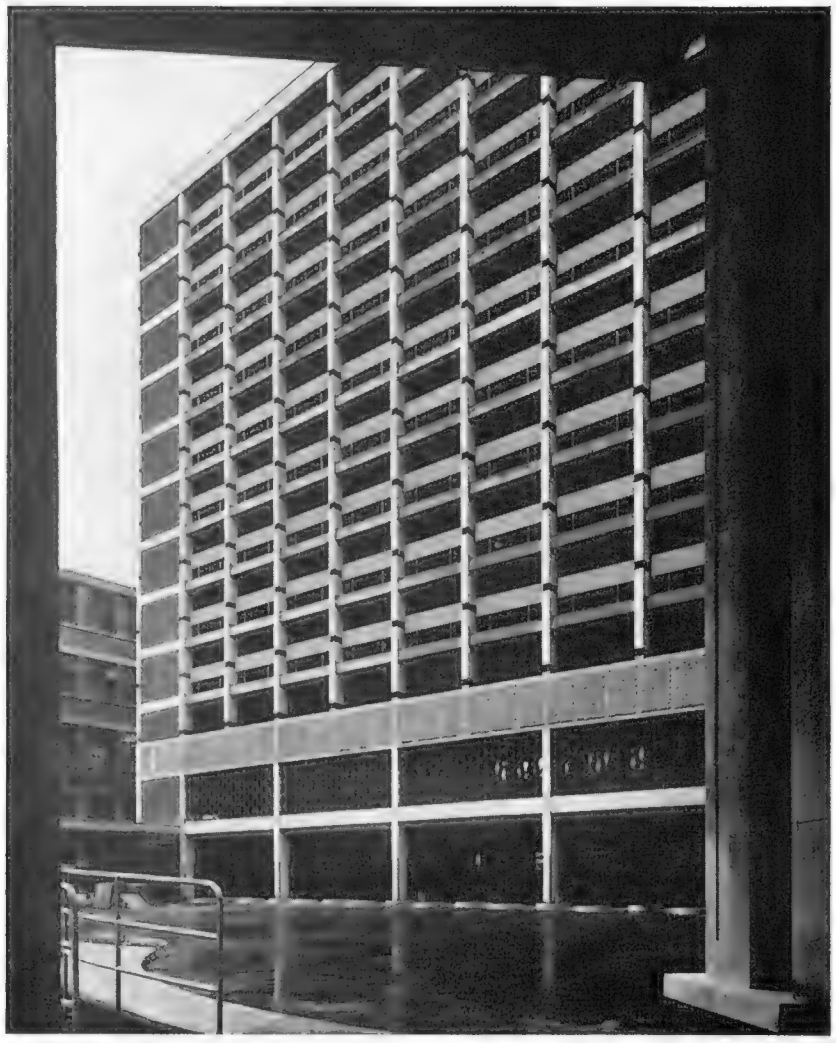
Concrete shell roofs cover the new market at Accrington. They are only 3 in. thick. The market is an important part of Accrington's central area redevelopment plan

BUILDING FOR TOMORROW

(*Continued from page 364*)

storeys are cantilevered out from their supporting columns. Structural concrete has been used as it has been in almost all of London's new tower blocks. Contractors for New Zealand House are Holland & Hannen and Cubitts.

Concrete is essentially a plastic material and can thus be used to provide new shapes, especially in roofing. An example is Accrington's new market, for which the main contractors were A. Monk and Co. Ltd. Various decorative uses are made of concrete. For instance, Birmingham's new Albany Hotel has a striking " grid " pattern, achieved by leaving the reinforced concrete frame exposed with dark brick infill panels. (Contractors, John Laing Construction.) One of the most interesting of new methods is the " Jackblock " system whereby, building from the top floor down, each successive floor is built at ground level and jacked up into position. Work has been carried out in a heated polythene tent, unhampered by snow and ice. Contractors for this 17-storey block of flats at Coventry are Richard Costain (Construction) Ltd.



Above second floor level, the Shoe Lane automatic car park in London is constructed almost entirely of pre-cast concrete units. Contractors were Unit Construction Co. Ltd.

The new Cardiff offices, built by Holst and Co. for themselves, incorporate board-marked concrete on the exposed parts of the frame and on the canopy

LIFE AS WE KNOW IT DEPENDS ON MEN LIKE THIS

Stephen Horsley carries a 200,000 kilowatt load

Stephen Horsley, 32, married with a 7-year-old daughter, is a native of Amesbury, near Salisbury. His job has brought him to the flat lowlands bordering the River Trent, where Britain's largest power station, at High Marnham, near Newark, was commissioned this year. As one of several Unit Operators on shift duty at High Marnham, Stephen Horsley is the man at the controls of a complete boiler/turbo-generator unit. Through dials and switches he watches and controls machinery worth £10,000,000 which produces 200,000 kilowatts of electricity from 100 tons of coal an hour.

He has automation to help him—closed-circuit television, too—but there's much more to this job than that of a leisurely spectator, watching a gallery of dials and lights. Stephen Horsley has to interpret what those meters and signals mean. When something is not as it should be he has to recognise the signs straight away, take corrective action, and take it quickly. A lot of rain can mean wet coal threatening to clog up the works; some mechanical quirk can result in a bearing running hot; there's a chance that a mainshaft will get the "twist" bug, and vibrate threateningly. That kind of thing doesn't happen often but when it does Stephen Horsley has only seconds in which to act. And it isn't just a question of operating one big switch; a precise pattern and sequence must be followed.

That's real responsibility. Stephen Horsley began his training for it by turning hand control valves on the machines, before

remote-control panel switches took over. But he was not content with being just a practical man. In his own time he took correspondence courses on power generation. And did so to such good effect that he was awarded the City and Guild's Bronze Medal of Achievement.

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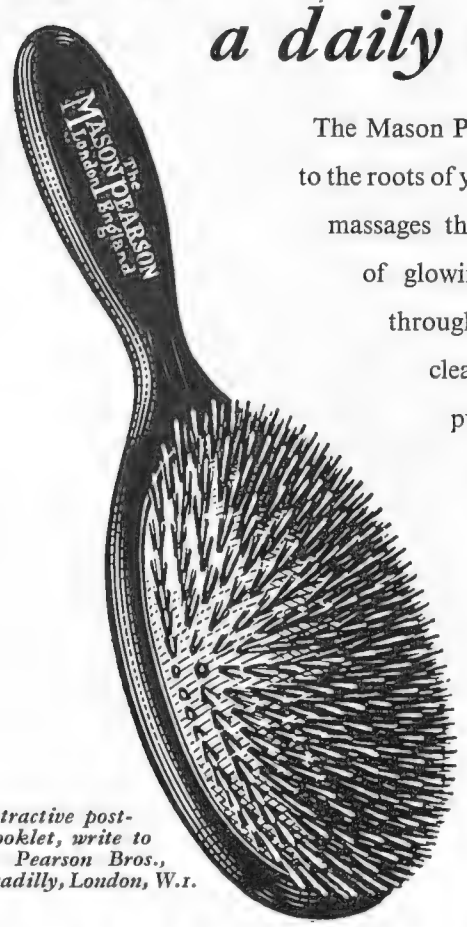

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INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

NEDDY'S TARGETS

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

In the recent study of Britain's economic expansion prospects carried out by the National Economic Development Council (" Neddy ") seven out of the 17 industries analysed forecast unusually rapid growth rates over the next five years. These include four science-based sectors, chemicals, electricity, electronics and petroleum. Two of the fast-growing industries were makers of capital goods, namely heavy electrical machinery and machine tools, while the seventh was Britain's motor industry. All these industries believed that they could cope with an annual growth rate of 4 per cent. in overall activity.

Achieving NEDC's growth target would involve a doubling of incomes in Britain in 20 years—by any standards an impressive achievement. Over the next five years alone, this annual increase would produce more than a 20 per cent. expansion in the economy with investment up by 30 per cent. and consumer spending by 19 per cent. At this stage, it is not certain whether or when NEDC's growth targets will be reached: a great deal will depend on Mr. Maudling's first Budget, which is due in a few weeks' time. But the message for investors in NEDC's forecasts is clear—that whatever the overall rate of expansion achieved in Britain over the years ahead, the seven industries named should do better than average.

With chemicals named as one of the seven fast-growing sectors, encouraging recovery prospects should face Imperial Chemical Industries, the largest industrial concern in Britain and the second largest chemical group in the world. During 1961, ICI profits fell by £26,000,000 to £62,000,000, reflecting the check to general industrial expansion and the appearance of excess capacity throughout the world's chemical industry. But Mr. Paul Chambers, the chairman, has forecast that within the next three to four years earnings will more than regain the 1961 level.

Britain's electrical industry, one other fast grower, is of course nationalised—but is served by a wide range of privately owned companies which supply generating equipment and help to build power stations and transmission lines. One of the number of large groups now receiving orders from the Electricity Generating Board is the English Electric group who have come through 1962 with no great change in profits. Though shareholders' dividend remained at the reduced 1961 level of 8 per cent., English Electric seem to have solved two of their recent trading problems, on aircraft and aero engines, which were checking group progress. Their aviation side has now been merged into the British Aircraft Corporation while the D. Napier business is showing a much smaller deficit, with new aero engine projects placed in a 50-50 company with Rolls-Royce. A growing volume of business for the basic heavy electrical side should bring an improvement in the rate of capacity working, with correspondingly sharp benefit to profits.

Among all Britain's major companies, one of the few to report higher profits for 1962 has been Alfred Herbert, the leading maker and distributor of machine tools—a third major growth sector chosen by NEDC. Colonel C. W. Clark recently told shareholders that 1962 net profits had increased by some £200,000 to more than £2,000,000, adding that recent years' heavy spending has begun to show results. The recent sharp decline in home orders for machine tools means that the current outlook is difficult to forecast. But the Herbert directors expect that current year results will justify repetition of the new 10 per cent. net dividend which they are paying for 1962—against the previous year's 8½ per cent. rate.

A similar decision, to maintain dividends against sharply lower profits, has been made by the British Motor Corporation, the Austin-Morris group who represent one of the major units in Britain's motor industry—one other of the fast-growing industries analysed by NEDC. In 1962 BMC kept shareholders' dividend at 12½ per cent. although profits fell from £5,750,000 to just under £3,400,000—reflecting a combination of under-capacity employment and low margins on new " Mini " models. BMC can afford to pay generous dividends, thanks to previous years' policy of building up a dividend equalisation reserve which still stands at more than £4,000,000.

For investors in ordinary shares, these four major sectors—chemicals, electricity, machine tools and motor cars—represent four important growth prospects over the next few years. Investors must realise that, for reasons of national policy, these higher growth rates may not be achieved, and also that the effects of high growth on different companies can vary widely—motors and chemicals, for example, are relatively heavy consumers of capital. But by NEDC's objective test, these four shares, ICI, English Electric, Alfred Herbert and British Motor Corporation, appear essential to any diversified long-term portfolio.

ICI shares, now offering more than 4½ per cent., offer adequate income with capital growth possibilities. BMC, yielding close to 6 per cent., will be the prime choice for people concerned with income.

While these four shares, as the leaders in their respective industries, represent basic choices, many investors may prefer to invest in medium-sized companies, which have already established growth records well above the average. Fast-growing companies in these prospective fast-growing sectors will be discussed here next week.

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

The suave maître d'hôtel with his blue-flamed " lamp " and the sizzling conflagration at the right moment signify that something special is being cooked just for you. It is impressive to watch when it is really skilfully done and can have a festive or even romantic effect on the guest. It is for this reason that such cooking on or beside the table is indulged in rather more often than the dishes produced would seem to justify. Most dishes need proper preparation and cooking in the only place where the right equipment is available, in the kitchen. I, for one, prefer the more experienced and more highly trained expert, the chef, to do the cooking. It is a mistake to imagine that the process called " flambé " must be carried out at the last moment in every case, and that, therefore, it is essential that it should be done inside the restaurant. Its true and original purpose is to burn away excess fat in a dish, at the same time adding to the flavour some of the bouquet of the spirit used. Many dishes, prepared in the kitchen out of sight of the guests, include flaming in an early stage of the cooking.

However, there are some well-known, if slightly overrated, dishes which can be cooked successfully and quickly by a less skilled person —having prepared the basic work in the kitchen—in front of the customer's eyes, and when it is smartly done it can be amusing to watch. It will also show all the other clients in the restaurant that here are some people who know how to enjoy themselves and might induce others to follow suit and order the same expensive dish. Crêpes Suzette are an example, complete with an air of luxury and romance. There are many stories about the origin of this delight, but there is no true trace of the identity of the beauteous " femme fatale " who lent her name to it. Curaçao-flavoured very thin pancakes (prepared in advance) receive a bath in a sauce made of butter, sugar and orange juice and zest, with added curaçao liqueur (Cointreau or Grand Marnier are excellent), and finally are flambé with a fine cognac. For the lazier cook all this trouble is now saved by the Crêpes Suzette I have found, among many other interesting new ideas, at the recent Delicatessen Exhibition. These are made at the Hotel Continental at Brest in Brittany, imported and sold deep frozen. You gently warm the contents in a bain marie. When hot, you open the aluminium foil cover to find the pancakes neatly folded, and a separate sachet containing the " sauce." If you wish, you can bring the dish to the boil over a lamp and set it alight.

During the Gastronomic Champagne Weekend — M. Tingaud; Mr. Chapman, Managing Director of The Imperial; and the Hon. Moyra Campbell of Moët & Chandon

Another, more direct, way to enjoy the cooking of a Continental chef is to take part in one of the Gastronomic Weekends, which are held at the Imperial Hotel, Torquay, from autumn to spring. Each time the patron and the chef of a famous restaurant take charge of the kitchens and with the full co-operation of the Imperial management, chef and his brigade, produce their own specialities throughout the five main meals of a weekend. The theme of the most recent such weekend was the region of Champagne, its wine and cooking, presented respectively by the house of Moët & Chandon and M. Tingaud, the chef-patron of the Auberge de Condé, a famous hostelry on the main road from Paris to the East, at Ferté-sous-Jouarre.

M. Tingaud is one of the great chefs of France. Among other distinctions, he is one of the 50 Academicians who rule the world of haut cuisine. He is a purist, who refuses to use anything but the perfect ingredients in his cooking. He was not to be satisfied with the tinned variety of Strasbourg foie gras, but insisted on bringing with him fresh fat goose livers (foie gras), and also fresh truffles. They made all the difference to the Terrine de Canard au Foie Gras and the Paté de Caille Lucullus, specialities featured in two of the luncheon menus.

Everything else was up to the same impeccable standard—to mention only a very few of them : the Salmi de Bécasse, the Poularde au Champagne, the Truite Bonne Auberge and the Gigue de Chevreuil Grand Veneur. We also learnt a lot about Champagne by drinking Moët & Chandon's non-vintage, vintage 1955 white and pink, and some of the rarely seen still wines from the grapes used for the sparkling nectar.

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PRIDE OF COGNAC

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MOTORING

TWO NEW VERSIONS

The Triumph Herald 12/50; and the GT Ford Capri

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Continuing their successful policy of catering for "wedge" markets, Standard-Triumph International announce a new and additional version of their Herald saloon which has what STI call a skylight roof as standard equipment. It is Britain's only family saloon in volume production to offer this attractive feature, which is also being made available as an optional extra (for £24 including tax) on the 6-cylinder Triumph Vitesse.

The new Herald—the 12/50—costs £635, which is £56 more than the normal saloon, but for this money STI offer Girling disc brakes on the front wheels, a heater and screen washers as standard fittings, a 1,147-c.c. engine which develops nearly 25 per cent. more power and a top speed of over 80 m.p.h. (compared with the basic Herald's 75-plus). The higher performance figures from the engine have been gained by the use of a new high-lift camshaft, stronger valve springs, exhaust manifolds which give a smoother gas flow and a higher compression ratio.

Mr. Stanley Markland, STI Managing Director, claims the new open-air version of the Herald to be quieter and smoother-running and says this is partly due to its being the first British car to use a new-style frictionless propshaft. The sun roof is of the tubular-braced vynide type which folds automatically on being opened. It is completely weatherproof and can be locked in any position. So many motorists pay much more than £24 to have a sun roof built into their saloons—usually Webasto or Weathershield—that I think the Herald 12/50 will sell well.

The Herald 12/50 is available only in Great Britain. So—for the time being—is a new *gran turismo* version of the 1,500-c.c. Ford Capri which at £901 costs £114 more than the standard model but which does over 90 m.p.h., and accelerates from standstill to 60 m.p.h. in less than 15 seconds. The model has a crash-padded fascia with simulated wood finish and is fitted with a supplementary instrument cluster comprising rev-counter, oil pressure gauge and ammeter.

Like the skyroof Herald, the GT Capri has had its power boosted by some 25 per cent. The combustion chamber has been improved and there are bigger exhaust valves, an aluminium inlet manifold, four-branch exhaust manifold and a new camshaft with a high-performance profile. The GT Capri, with its double headlamps, looks the same as the standard model externally but inside there is a richer atmosphere and there are individual front seats. The four-speed, all-synchromesh gear-box has a central gear lever.

Mr. John Read, Ford's sales director, told me that this hotted-up, luxury Capri had been added to an already considerable Ford range because, as he put it, "one customer in ten is now looking for something extra, something personal, something just a little different from his neighbour."

Auto-Union, a subsidiary of Germany's Mercedes-Benz organisation, are similarly catering for discerning motorists with their new DKW F12 four-seat saloon, which will be on sale in Britain with right-hand drive for £898 next month. I had the use of one of these cars in and around London for a short time recently and found that the 900-c.c., three-cylinder, two-stroke engine of this front-wheel-drive saloon pulled it along smoothly, quietly and briskly.

In appearance the car closely resembles the less powerful DKW Junior, but it is much more lavishly equipped with automatic oil injection, front-wheel disc brakes mounted inboard, front seats adjustable for rake, heater, twin reversing lights, headlamp flasher, combined control for the screen wipers and washers and recessed door handles. It is the first entirely new DKW model since Mercedes-Benz took over Auto-Union in 1959. At a U.K. price—inflated by duty and tax—of close on £900 this 900-c.c. car is in competition with cars like the 1.6-litre Austin Cambridge (£721), 2½-litre Ford Zephyr Six (£837), 2½-litre Vauxhall Velox (£822) and 2-litre Standard Vanguard (£871).

The middle of February saw the completion of the first 12 months of operation by British United Air Ferries of their four-engined Carvair car-carrying aircraft which in that period flew 6,072 revenue hours and carried some 7,800 cars, 28,000 passengers and about 2,750 tons of freight. This summer the BUAF Carvair fleet will be employed continuously on flying the long-distance services from Southend to Basle, Geneva and Strasbourg.

Britain's first self-service garage is nearing completion in Plymouth. It is being constructed at a cost of £120,000 by the old-established Devonshire motor engineering firm of Turnbull and is based on the Ljungman design used by 300 self-serving filling stations in Sweden. The equipment has not yet been approved by the Board of Trade but as they have agreed to send down an inspector *after* the station has been built it would appear to be reasonably certain that the idea has official blessing.

Customers will help themselves to petrol by either value or quantity from one of nine computer pumps, which show on a group of dials inside the office exactly what the motorist owes. If he wants to fill his tank right up he keeps the nozzle trigger pressed down until the petrol flow is automatically shut off. Mr. George Turnbull, the Managing Director, told me: "My new filling station will also have a novel, circular service area. Cars will be driven onto a turntable and then fed off, for rapid servicing, into any one of eight bays ranged round the turntable."

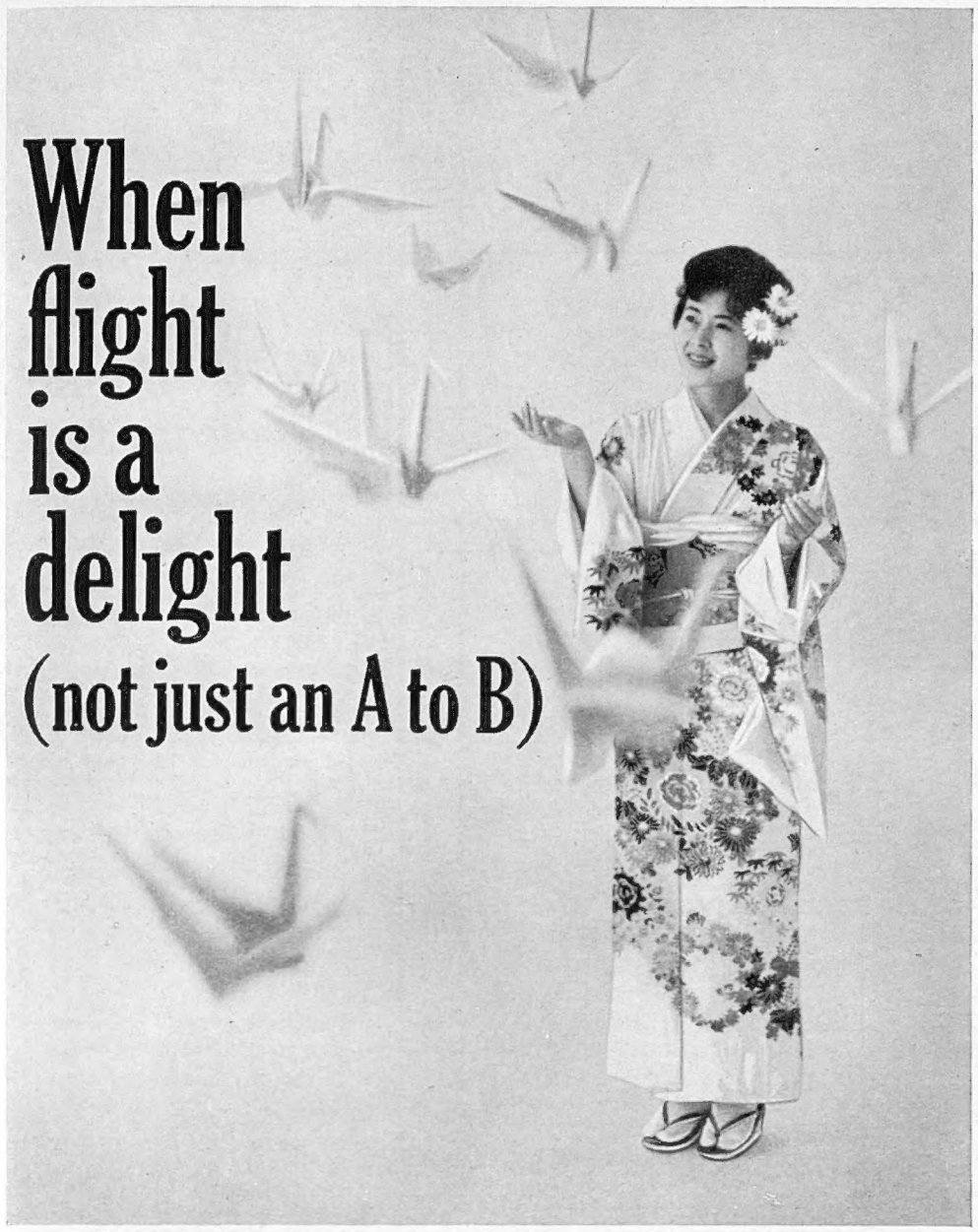
Briefly: Vauxhall has officially confirmed its intention to follow Rootes (whose rear-engined Hillman Imp is expected soon) into the baby car market with a conventional model of around one litre. . . . Congratulations and best wishes to Pat Moss and Erik Carlsson (brilliant Swedish rally driver who keeps on winning the Monte Carlo and RAC events) who have announced their engagement. . . . The Rootes Group has switched to KLG plugs as original equipment on its entire vehicle range. The spark-plug and ceramics division of S. Smith and Sons now supply all-British KLG or Lodge plugs for 15 different car models . . . .

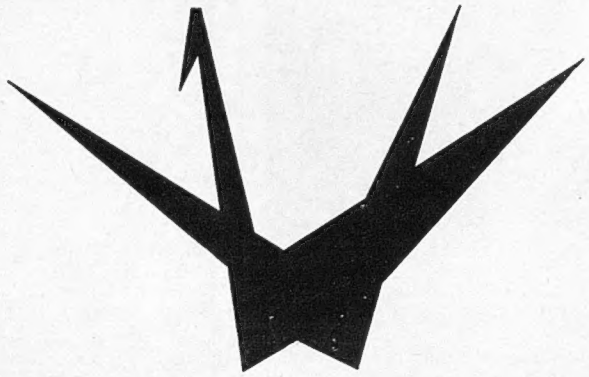
The RAC recently opened its 150th "Junior Driver" course at Farnham (Surrey) Grammar School. The scheme has already attracted 1,300 teenage pupils, 95 per cent. of whom later passed the Ministry of Transport test at their first attempt. . . . BMC are offering a Mini a month and cash prizes totalling £25,000 for suggestions from their workpeople on how to improve productivity, quality and efficiency. . . . Planned improvements to the Mallory Park motor racing circuit near Leicester include four covered grandstands, paddock tunnel, clubhouse extension, construction of a go-kart track and provision of a Press box above the pits. . . . Mr. Ernest Marples is meeting a delegation from the medical profession for talks about improving the design of car interiors to minimise road accident injury risk.

The new Triumph Herald 12/50, with sunshine roof

The new *gran turismo* version of the Ford Capri

When flight is a delight (not just an A to B)





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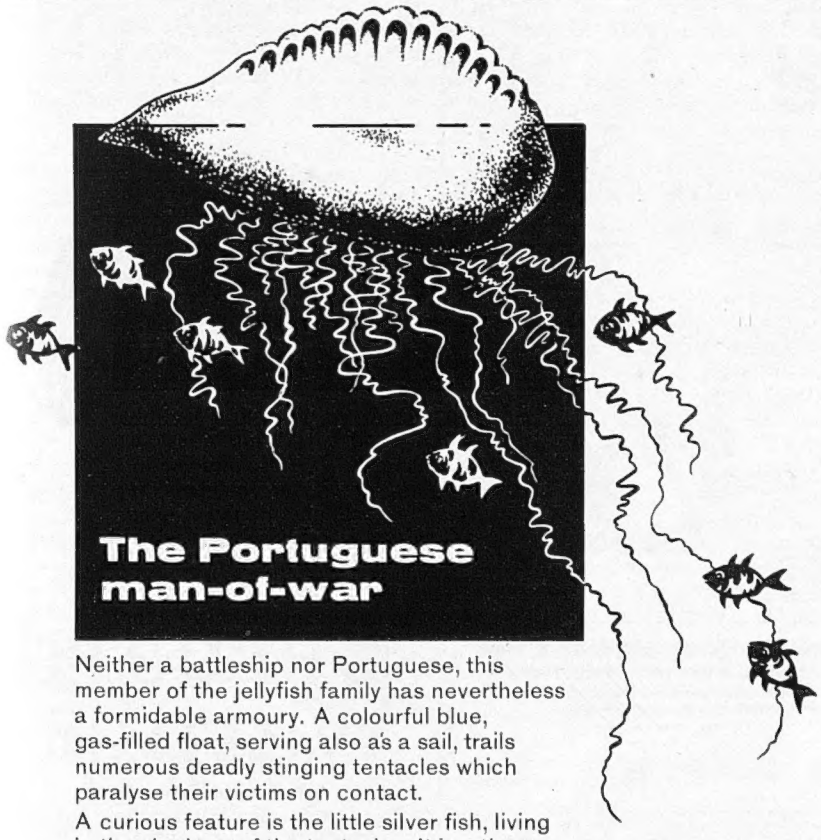

Neither a battleship nor Portuguese, this member of the jellyfish family has nevertheless a formidable armoury. A colourful blue, gas-filled float, serving also as a sail, trails numerous deadly stinging tentacles which paralyse their victims on contact.

A curious feature is the little silver fish, living in the shadows of the tentacles. It is a theory that they act as decoy bait to the man-of-war's victim.

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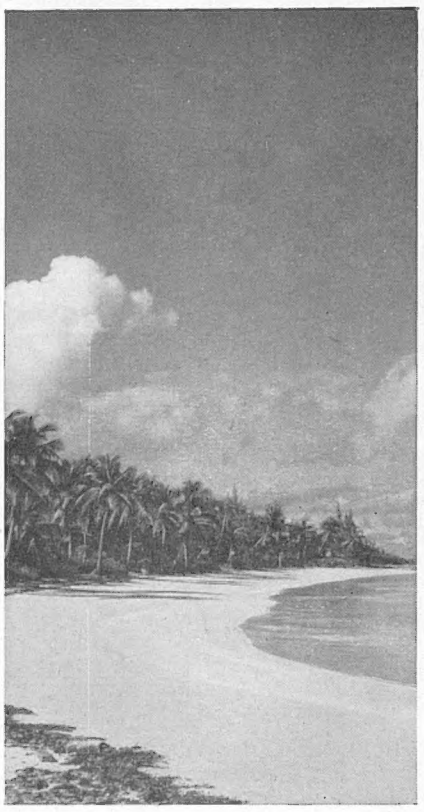

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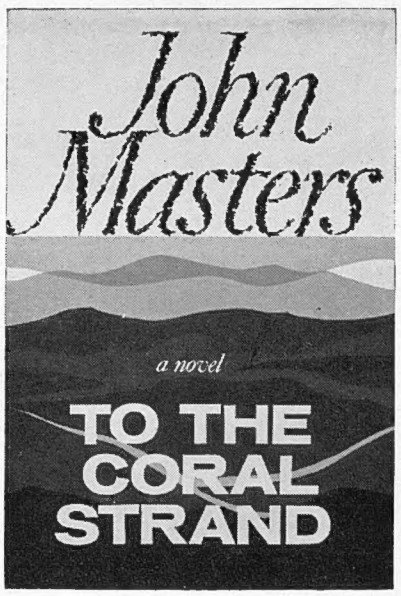

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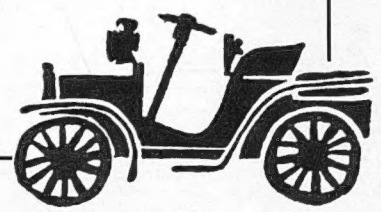

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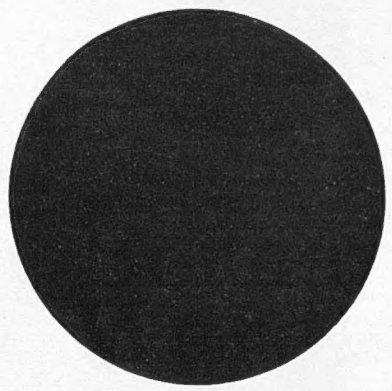

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

" I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring
And gentle odours led my steps astray.
Mixed with a sound of water's murmuring."

Apt are these lines of Shelley, for in my February morning's post—a fresh carpet of snow had fallen in the night—was a letter from a reader asking if I knew of any hotel where a river ran through the grounds, and where he could enjoy spring flowers and sunshine.

Considering this letter by the fireside I presently put pen to paper to record hotels where my wife and I were within " sound of water's murmurings " and sight of springtime scents and colourings.

Down Devon way, where primroses are a spring feature of the hedgerows, is that gateway town to Dartmoor—Chagford. About a mile distant lies the tiny hamlet of Sandy Park. Here stands, well back from the road, *Mill End Hotel,* a gabled country house. Yet the passing motorist has no conception of the charm of this hotel as viewed from the road. The old mill wheel, though stationary, is still intact. The Dart runs through the flower-bedecked grounds, a perfect setting and a confident first answer to our correspondent.

Our interest in the hotel commenced when Mr. and Mrs. Holman Dunn, both country lovers, acquired the property. Renovations and refurnishings were carried out on a progressive plan. This essential outlay, plus their personalities and practical hotel experience, has brought about a pleasing environment of quiet distinction and well-being, thus *Mill End* is an hotel that we shall always have a soft spot for, whatever the season.

Maybe your thoughts are centred on somewhere in Scotland? Water, be it in Highlands or Lowlands, is rarely far away. All who have stayed at *Dunkeld House Hotel* will endorse our view that it makes an excellent recommendation. Standing well back from the Perth/Pitlochry/Inverness main road, the entrance drive winds down through a large acreage of woodland. Then the stately house comes into view. The setting is one of peaceful perfection. Lawns, trees, masses of flowering shrubs and, as a perimeter, the swift-flowing Tay. Here can be enjoyed a holiday with effortless walks along the river bank and then, when the mood dictates, motoring runs, to view some of Scotland's scenic charm.

Thoughts of Tay salmon directed our minds to other salmon-fishing waters and, back in England, our minds flashed westwards.

Salmon proceeding upstream from the mouth of the Exe are of two schools of thought. At the Somerset/Devon border town of Dulverton some adhere to the Exe, while others turn left up its feeding river, the Barle. Some six miles up the Barle valley is that famous prehistoric clapper bridge, Tarr Steps. Here on the hillside, out of sight and sound of excursionists in the holiday season, is *Tarr Steps Hotel,* once the old rectory.

Though the Barle does not run *through* the grounds, the river is the focal point of interest, be it for fishing—the hotel has three miles of reserved fishing on both banks—walking or riding. Within the hotel, homely simplicity, honest country fare and the personal interest of the resident owners, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Woodward, are the order of the day.

We also have happy recollections of springtime in that area beloved by Constable, Essex. It would be difficult to find a more picturesque setting than the attractive sixteenth-century and curiously named *Le Talbooth.* It stands at the foot of Gun Hill, where the main Colchester/Ipswich road (A12) crosses the river. Residential accommodation is limited, but if you are fortunate you will secure one of their attractively furnished bedrooms overlooking gardens and river. Only a matter of a hundred yards or so off the main road is *Dedham Vale Hotel,* under the personal direction of the parents of Mr. Gerald Milsom of *Le Talbooth.* At both hotels food and wine are focal attractions, for they specialise in distinctive table d'hôte and à la carte meals. Having stayed at both, we should be happy to return to either.

Another example of off-the-beaten track tranquillity is *The Royal Hotel* at Symonds Yat, whose gardens abut, except for a discarded railway line, the river Wye at one of its most spectacular points. In this long, low building with wide verandas Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wainwright cater principally for a good food and wine-loving clientele. So here, within sight and sound of flowing water, personally cooked, properly garnished dishes and the affinity of authentic wines are everyday affairs.

As there is no bridge across the Wye at this point it should be particularly noted that *The Royal Hotel* is on the left bank, so motorists on the Ross/Monmouth road should keep careful look-out for the turning to Symonds Yat East.

Wales, like Scotland, can offer varied examples of murmuring waters, but hotels with a river running through the garden are limited.

From time to time we receive inquiries concerning Harlech. Alas, we have no recommendations as yet in Harlech itself, but two and a half miles away is the village of Llanbedr. Many a motorist will pass through, for there is no hotel with a come-hither look in its façade. Halt awhile, however, when you see *The Victoria* because once inside you are in for a pleasant surprise. Beyond the two friendly bars lies a modern wing with ten simple yet comfortably furnished bedrooms and below a pleasant restaurant. The connecting link with our opening paragraph? Through the small garden flows the tiny river Artro, so if you want a freshly caught trout for breakfast, set your alarm clock and it is then up to you.

Outside Salisbury, just off the main road, is the old world village of Harnham. Here will be found a medieval establishment, with twentieth-century modernisations, *The Rose and Crown.* At the garden edge flows the Wiltshire Avon from which, with camera or easel, one can capture a fine view of Salisbury Cathedral about a mile distant as the local swans fly. This, one of the Usher Group of Hotels, reminds us of another delightful member of the group—*The Swan* at Bibury, in the Cotswolds. It stands by the old bridge and within sight of Arlington Row, and just across the lane is the hotel garden through which flows the river Coln.

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. **BALLYLICKEY HOUSE**
Luxury country hotel in parkland and ornamental gardens facing the sea. Own sea-trout fishing. Sailing. Private bathrooms. French chef. Write G. Graves.

BOURNEMOUTH WEST. **BOURNE HALL HOTEL**
In a key position for sea, shops and shows and with moderate terms. Private baths, lift, delightful garden, hard tennis courts, billiards. Games Room and Ballroom. Lock-up garages. Tel.: Westbourne 63333.

BOURNEMOUTH. **LINDEN HALL HOTEL**
Caters for *every* member of the family, whatever the months. Superb indoor heated swimming pool and squash courts (resident instructors), bridge, billiards, ballroom, games room, tennis. 120 bedrooms, suites and private bathrooms. Conference Secretaries especially note. Tel. Bournemouth 33533.

CIRENCESTER IN THE COTSWOLDS. **KING'S HEAD**
an historic hotel completely refurbished, provides cheerful service, excellent food, comfortable bedrooms, many with private bathroom. Cocktail Bar. Tel.: 677.

CORNISH COAST, mile NEWQUAY. **GLENDORGAL**
Nigel Tangye offers gay informal Continental holiday. Right on own beach. No crowds, no traffic problems. Surfbathing, dancing. Good Food Guide and Egon Ronay. Licensed. From May 18th. 13½-31 guineas. Newquay 2949.

NR. HERSTMONCEUX, Sussex. **WHITE FRIARS**
An hotel of quiet distinction for restful weekends or early holidays (convenient for sea, golf, riding). Buttery open to non-residents. Tel.: 3299

HUNTERS QUAY, Argyll. **ROYAL MARINE HOTEL**
Has a name for elegant comfort, first class cuisine and cellar, perfect base overlooking Firth of Clyde. Sailing. Dunoon 1001

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ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY
1st Register Four Star
It is our custom, too, to give our guests the best of everything in food, wine and bedroom comfort. Likewise, our swimming pool is heated, the drinks are iced and the dance music cool.
Write to R. H. Colley, Resident Proprietor, who will give you his customary attention.

NR. LEWES, SUSSEX. **RINGMER HOTEL**
Country and Glyndebourne lovers note this hotel for good cuisine, selective cellar and well appointed bedrooms. Supper Licence. Tel.: Ringmer 237.

LONDON, W.2. LEINSTER GARDENS. **LEINSTER COURT**
A quiet, friendly hotel for overseas, provincial and business visitors. Close Hyde Park and Oxford Street. Tel.: Paddington 6088.

LYTHAM, Lancashire. **CLIFTON ARMS**
An hotel in the luxury class with private bathrooms, Grill room, Cocktail Bar, excellent cuisine and service. Sea-front position. Express train service. First-class golf. Tel. 6245.

MULLION, S. CORNWALL. **POLURRIAN HOTEL**
(associated with Hotel Bristol, Newquay). Perfectly situated overlooking sandy beach and designed for holiday pleasure. Tennis, Dancing. Fully Licensed. Tel.: 421.

RAVENSCAR, Nr. Scarborough. **RAVEN HALL**
A self-contained, fully-licensed holiday hotel. Terms from 45s. a day cover use of hotel swimming-pool, Golf, Putting, Tennis, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing (Orchestra), Cinema, TV. Tel.: Cloughton 233.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. **THE BELMONT**
A first-class hotel with fine sea-front position and reputation for catering, elegant comfort and service. Private Baths and Suites. Lift. Fully Licensed. Tel.: 1555.

A HONEYMOON IN THE OFFING?
Honeymoon planners should bear in mind that full moon dates for the next two months at the
GRAND TORQUAY
are MARCH 10 and APRIL 9.
Can we reserve you one of our bridal suites or an attractive room with bath overlooking moonlit Torbay? Always a good address for important occasions. Tel.: 25234.

TRADITION IN SCHWEPPSHIRE

1. KINDNESS TO CHILDREN

The oldest characteristic of the Schweppshire Way of Life is to have traditions; in fact tradition came first, if not more so. One of the most ingrained is to have an attitude to children. This is usually either (a) kind or (b) not. In Victorian times, when it was particularly (b) not, the results were classically described in long classical novels like *Little Horrit*, the *Death of Little Hell*, and the *Way of All Schweppsh.*

Now it is (a) kind, for though it is true that less educated persons are still heard to speak to their children in harsh voices, the children reply also in harsh voices. Moreover all this is offset by the fact that nobody modern ever says Don't to anybody under the age of thirteen. The long angry silences which follow are dealt with by sending, at the age of 8 if not occasionally 7, the boys to prep schools, the further away the better, where they are required to run the mile stripped for December weather. Parents and schoolmasters are much kinder to children now, although they have to do their best to make it as clear as possible that unless exam hurdles like Schweven Plus are taken early, and cheerfully, and unless they have made up their mind on the subjects for their eventual Double First before their age has reached double figures, they are likely to be regarded as more or less finito.

Actual biffing, of which Schweppshire is still supposed to be the last stronghold, is only symbolical, really, of biffing, or at any rate reserved for monitorial punishment of juniors by seniors at the fairly famous School, which is perfectly all right for them because in four years time juniors will be able to do the biffing themselves, all part of the Schweppshire tradition.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH